ORLANDO and LAVINIA.

CHAP. XXIV.

A TETE 'A TETE.

" Hope, of all paſſions, moſt befriends us here;
" Paſſions of prouder names befriend us leſs—
" Joy has her tears, and tranſport has her death.
" Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though ſtrong,
" Man's heart at once inſpirits and ſerenes,
" Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys—
" 'Tis all our preſent ſtate can ſafely bear."

YOUNG.

HOPE and Fear alternately tormented the Marquis, while his domeſtic was gone to Groſvenor-ſquare; but as ſoon as he had read the anſwer, his ſoul felt the moſt extatic delight. In leſs than half an hour the chariot ſtopped at Lord

Davenport's, and the Marquis was ſhewn up to Miſs Spencer's dreſſing-room. She aroſe to receive him.

"How will it ever be in my power, charming Lavinia, to repay you for your condeſcenſion in allowing me the honour to wait on you?" ſaid the Marquis, as he replaced Lavinia on the couch, from which ſhe aroſe, and ſeated himſelf oppoſite to her. "Now," the Marquis continued, "I have waited on you, Miſs Spencer, to offer you my hand and fortune. Ah! beloved Lavinia, make me not miſerable, by a refuſal. Your words of laſt night appear to me very myſterious. Why ſhould you ſay, you never can be happy? What can prevent you? Condeſcend then, dear girl, to become Marchioneſs of Caernarvon; and the ſtudy of my life ſhall be to promote your happineſs."

"Your generoſity and diſintereſtedneſs, my Lord," replied Lavinia," at once delights and aſtoniſhes me. I thought thoſe amiable qualities were, by men, totally

tally diſregarded: but in you, my Lord, I ſee them again revived. Then what muſt I feel in refuſing you—But I could never give to ſuch generoſity a frail form, deſerted in its infancy by its parents, and contaminated by *ſeduction.*" A tortured wretch on the rack could not feel more than the Marquis did when Lavinia ceaſed. Starting, and beating his forehead, he exclaimed, " What wretch dared it?" But, recovering himſelf, he again addreſſed our heroine:

" And why, Lavinia ſhould that prevent your being mine. Your mind is uncontaminated: Conſent then, to make me happy---Do not make me wretched by a refuſal. Give me at leaſt ſome hope, or I ſhall not be able to bear my exiſtence."

" My Lord, your nobleneſs overpowers me. At ſome future period you ſhall be acquainted with my tale: at preſent I am unable to the taſk."

" But ſay, Lavinia, will you conſent to be mine?"

"Yes, my Lord, if ever I find my parents, and you will then condeſcend to accept me, I promiſe that this hand is your's," preſenting to him her right-hand, while with her left ſhe concealed her face, which was diffuſed with tears.

"Enchanting gift!" exclaimed the Marquis. "When I ceaſe to remember its value, may Heaven chaſtiſe me with everlaſting miſery." And he knelt, while he kiſſed the hand ſhe extended.

"You promiſe me then, my Lavinia?"

"I do."

CHAP. XXV.

A MEETING WITH AN OLD FRIEND.

" Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
" Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround:
" They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
" And wanton often cruel riot waſte.
" Ah! little think they while they dance along,
" How many feel this very moment's death,
" And all the ſad variety of pain."

THOMPSON.

A Twelvemonth thus rolled on without any thing particular intervening. But the anxiety of Lavinia's mind, and the effects of her former griefs, had ſuch influence upon her conſtitution, that the phyſicians ordered her immediately to Bath, for fear of a conſumption. The

family inſtantly prepared to ſet out for Somerſetſhire, accompanied by the Marquis. After a few weeks reſidence there, to the great ſatisfaction of her friends, Lavinia ſeemed to appear better; but ſtill ſhe found herſelf full of pain, though ſhe complained not, for fear of alarming them.

Finding herſelf one day better than uſual, ſhe agreed to the earneſt entreaties of her friends, to accompany them to the Rooms that evening. She was juſt ſeated, when ſome one accoſted her with, "Bleſs me, Miſs Spencer, how happy I am to ſee you! I hope you are in good health."

She turned to ſee who it was, and beheld Lord Montague. She roſe, to return the compliment, and to expreſs the pleaſure ſhe felt at ſeeing him. She was ſurpriſed to ſee his fine countenance ſo much altered; and enquired whether he came to Bath for pleaſure, or for the benefit of his health. He replied, he had a bilious complaint, and came to drink the

the waters. Then he enquired, how the Drayton family did.

"They were perfectly well, my Lord, when I heard from Lady Monimia laſt, which was the day before yeſterday."

At this reply he ſighed, and ſeemed to ſink into a deep *reverie* "You are acquainted with all the charming fellows," whiſpered Lady Georgina. "Who is that Adonis?" "Lord Montague," anſwered Lavinia, ſmiling.

"How comes it, Miſs Spencer," ſaid his Lordſhip, recovering, "that you are not with Lady"——— He would have added, Cecilia; but, ſtopping ſhort, he ſaid, "How comes it you are not with the Earl's family?" "I left Drayton-Abbey, my Lord, the ſame day you did."

"Heaven," ſaid he, "what could cauſe you to be ſeparated from your friends?"

"Your Lordſhip," replied Lavinia, ſmiling.

"*Me* the cauſe!---I do not underſtand you."

"I

"I cannot explain myſelf now, my Lord; but if you will call on me to-morrow, I will elucidate my meaning, which will give you greater ſatisfaction than you imagine."

He bowed, and replied, that he would do himſelf the pleaſure of waiting on her. He then aſked her, if ſhe would permit him to offer himſelf as a partner, to dance; but having already promiſed the Marquis, ſhe declined the honour. "I hope then your friend is not engaged," ſaid he, as he turned to Lady Georgina. "I am not, my Lord," replied ſhe: "Will you then do me the honour of accepting me?" She curtſied; and he took her hand.

The Marquis had watched the converſation between Lavinia and Lord Montague with the utmoſt chagrin. The *reverie* of Lord Montague puzzled and diſtreſſed him; and the ſmile of La nia gored him to the ſoul. He ſtruck his forehead --- the green-eyed monſter had got poſſeſſion of him; and he exclaimed:

"Heaven!

"Heaven! that ſmile ſays, I have a favoured rival." Seeing Lord Montague turn to Lady Georgina, he flew to Lavinia; and catching her hand, he exclaimed: — "The dances are begun, Madam:" Then, hurrying her acroſs the room, he placed himſelf and partner among the company. Aſtoniſhed at his precipitation, and frightened at the agitation of his countenance, ſhe interrogated him tenderly, If he was not well? He replied, coolly, he was very well; and then turned, as if to obſerve the movements of the dance. Lavinia, who was very fond of dancing, exhibited ſo much taſte and elegance, that every eye was fixt on her, and every tongue exclaimed, with admiration---The Marquis was abſent in every reſpect, and treated Lavinia with great neglect and indignity. Chagrined almoſt to tears, ſhe caught hold of Lady Georgina's arm, and intreated her to go with her, to get ſome refreſhment. She

conſented;

conſented; and Lord Montague accompanied them. The Marquis followed at a diſtance --- he ſaw Lavinia receive, with a ſmile, a glaſs of lemonade from the hand of Lord Montague. At this ſight he almoſt wiſhed the earth to open, and ſwallow him. He left the place, and returned to the ball-room. Lavinia ſoon followed --- the dance began, and the Marquis went up, to take her hand to join it; but her pride was wounded; and, pleading weakneſs and fatigue, ſhe declined dancing any more. He bowed, and threw himſelf on a bench, at the farther corner of the room. When the company broke up they returned home in the ſame manner they came. Lord and Lady Davenport, and Lady Georgina in their chariot; Lavinia and the Marquis in his. It was a ſilent ride; neither of them ſpoke a word. When the chariot ſtopped, he aſſiſted Lavinia out; threw himſelf in again without wiſhing her good night; and ordered the man to drive him home, though he had already

already promiſed to ſup with Lady Davenport.

Spiritleſs, vexed, and aſtoniſhed, Lavinia walked to the drawing-room, where Lord Arundel was ſitting. The conflicts of her ſpirits overpowered her; and throwing herſelf upon the firſt chair ſhe came to, burſted into a flood of tears. Lord Arundel, who was doatingly fond of her, entreated her, in the moſt tender manner, to inform him of the cauſe of her agitation; but her ſobs prevented her ſpeaking --- and at that inſtant Lady Georgina entered the room. Lord Arundel aſked her if ſhe knew the cauſe of Miſs Spencer's grief? "Her ſpirits being exhilirated with dancing with ſo fine a fellow as Lord Montague, ſhe replied, --- "It is nothing more, my dear Sir."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

A MORNING VISIT.

" Mirth there was none; the man was *a la mort*;
" And little courage had to make his court."

DRYDEN.

LAVINIA, vext at this raillery, and aſhamed of her weakneſs, ruſhed out of the room, and retired to her own chamber. Lady Georgina followed, and intreated pardon. Lavinia freely gave it her --- " You have pardoned me," ſaid Lady Georgina, " but I never ſhall pardon myſelf, for giving you pain." Lavinia aſſured her, that ſhe forgave her, and begged ſhe would ſay no more about it. They then went down together to ſupper.

The

The Marquis ſpent a reſtleſs night---and when he aroſe, he took a retroſpect of the paſt evening, and was aſhamed of his conduct.

" Good heaven," ſaid he, " muſt ſhe not ſpeak to any other man than myſelf? what an abſurd idea!---and then Lord Montague might have been acquainted with her before. Mercy! how ridiculous I have made myſelf! I will fly inſtantly and intreat pardon for my madneſs."—He then rang the bell, and ordered his chariot to be got ready. When it came to the door, he threw himſelf in, and was driven to the Circus. He enquired for Miſs Spencer, and was informed that ſhe was not at home: Not believing the domeſtic, he gave him a crown, deſiring to be ſhewn the way to the drawing-room. " Indeed, my Lord," replied the ſervant, " Miſs Spencer ordered herſelf to be denied to every body, except Lord Montague; and it is as much as my place is worth to diſobey her orders." If a thunderbolt

derbolt had fallen upon him, it could not have ſtruck him more. Confounded, and almoſt diſtracted, he returned to his carriage: "It is evident," exclaimed he, "that Montague is my rival. Unworthy Lavinia, thus to deceive me---with what ingratitude has ſhe returned my love.---Surely, when Fate wrote down the fair catalogue of female virtues, a blot fell upon gratitude from her pen."

When he returned home, he ordered his horſe, and rode towards Matlock. A ſtorm overtook him: he turned his horſe; but before he reached home, he was wet through with the rain. His fine auburn hair became untied, and diſhevelled on his back, which the rain had cauſed to be as wet as his cloaths. Exhauſted in mind and body, he threw himſelf on the bed: His valet attended him, and entreated him to drink ſomething, and then lie down. He complied: his man aſſiſted him to undreſs; and after taking ſomething, he reclined his head upon the pillow.

pillow. Louis, his valet, waited till ſix o'clock for his maſter's ſummons; but, finding he did not ring, went up ſtairs, and opened the door gently. He heard the Marquis talking with vehemence—was going to retire; but, recollecting that no one had been admitted, he approached the bed ſoftly, found his maſter extremely feveriſh, and quite delirious. Having the preſence of mind to ſend inſtantly for a phyſician, and thinking it would be proper to acquaint ſome of the Marquis's friends of his illneſs, he ſent to Lord Davenport, who immediately repaired to the Marquis's lodgings.

At the time appointed, Lord Montague waited on Lavinia, and was ſhewn to her dreſſing-room, (as Lord Davenport had a houſe at Bath). "I have done myſelf the honour, Madam, to wait on you," ſaid he, after the uſual compliments had paſſed, "agreeable to your requeſt laſt night." Lavinia bowed, and begged he would be ſeated. "I requeſted, my Lord,"

ſaid

ſaid ſhe, "your company, to clear up a myſterious affair, which, I doubt not, will give you great ſatisfaction." She then took out a ſmall *porte-lettre*, and preſented him with Lady Lumley's letter. He peruſed it—"Is it poſſible," exclaimed he, "that it was your room, Miſs Spencer, that I ſaw Beverley enter?"

"Yes—it was my chamber, my Lord."

"How much I have then to condemn myſelf for my precipitancy; and I may add, cowardice, to let Beverley make ſo great a dupe of me—But I will be revenged—the wretch ſhall feel the effects of my vengeance."

"He cannot— he is in Gibraltar, my Lord."

"But he don't mean to continue there for ever, Miſs Spencer?"

"I wiſh he would."

"Tell me, charming Lavinia, in what manner I ever can repay you for the elucidation of this affair?"

"No

"No repayment is neceſſary, my Lord, —but for heaven's ſake don't think me Lady Cecilia, when you make uſe of the word charming."

The name awoke him, as if from a reverie—ſtarting, and catching the hand of Lavinia, he exclaimed:

"Tell me, dear Miſs Spencer, where my beloved girl is, and I will fly to the other end of the world for her pardon; and ſhould ſhe refuſe it me, I will die before her."

"Not quite ſo haſty, my good friend—have but a few day's patience, and you will ſee her here. I have taken lodgings for them, and expect the whole family on Friday or Saturday, as Lady Monimia intends having her nuptials celebrated at Bath."

CHAP. XXVII.

THE MEETING.

" So falls a poplar, that in wat'ry ground,
" Rais'd high the head, with ſtately branches crown'd—
" (Fell'd by ſome artiſt, with his ſhining ſteel,
" To ſhape the circle of the bending wheel,)
" Cut down it lies, tall, ſmooth, and largely ſpread,
" With all its beauteous honours on its head.
" There left a ſubject to the wind and rain,
" And ſcorch'd by ſuns, it withers on the plain."

HOMER.

" THOSE lines, Lavinia, will ſuit the Marquis of Caernarvon," ſaid Lord Davenport, addreſſing our heroine as they ſat at ſupper.

" For what reaſon, my Lord?"

" Becauſe you are Ajax, and he poor Simoïſius."

" Good

"Good God, my Lord, you ſpeak in riddles!"

"Well, in plain Engliſh then, he paid you a viſit this morning, and was refuſed admittance. The poor diſappointed fellow mounted his horſe, and rode out; but was overtaken by a ſtorm. He returned ſo wet, that a fever enſued, and his man ſent for me, and told me, what I have juſt repeated. I went up to him, and found him raving about Lavinia and Lord Montague. I ſhould not have left him, but the Doctor promiſed me to ſtay with him all night; and to-morrow I intend going to him, and ſtaying there till he is recovered."

Lavinia turned pale as death at this information. "I comprehend now," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "the cauſe of his rude behaviour to me on the ball-night. He is jealous of Lord Montague."

"I am ſorry," my Lord, replied Lavinia cooly, "for the Marquis's illneſs; but I gave orders to admit no viſitors this

morning, as I had ſome buſineſs with Lord Montague."

"Humph!" ſaid Lord Davenport—don't think me rude, Lavinia," continued he, ſmiling, "but may I aſk the *buſineſs* you had with his Lordſhip?"

"Without doubt, my Lord," replied ſhe.

She then related the heads of the miſunderſtanding between Lord Montague and Lady Cecilia; but forbore the particulars relating to herſelf. When ſhe had concluded, Lord Davenport returned her his thanks, and aſſured her, that the enquiries he made were only to relieve the Marquis, ſhould he have an interval of reaſon.

On Friday the Drayton family arrived at Bath. Lavinia, Lady Davenport, and Lady Georgina were at the lodging, in readineſs to receive them. Lady Monimia entered firſt. She embraced Lavinia and Lady Davenport with all the warmth of friendſhip. Lady Cecilia followed—

her

her late beautiful and lively countenance was changed to a moſt intereſting ſoftneſs. She approached Lavinia, and took her hand. "Will you allow me to ſolicit pardon for my cruelty, dear Lavinia?" ſaid ſhe, as the tears bedewed her cheeks, and fell on the hand ſhe held. Lavinia embraced her tenderly. "Let us take no retroſpections, dear Lady Cecilia," ſaid ſhe; "we ſhall all be happy yet." Lady Cecilia ſhook her head, and thanked her for her kindneſs. The Earl and Lord Auguſtus were exceedingly glad to ſee Lavinia; and the latter inſiſted on ſaluting her. "For ſhame, my Lord," ſaid ſhe, joking, "don't you ſee Lady Monimia is preſent?"—"My Auguſtus can never make me more happy than when he takes notice of Lavinia," replied her Ladyſhip. The family being ſettled, the three ladies took leave, after invitations and promiſes had mutually paſſed. "I ſhall call on you again to-morrow," ſaid Lavinia, "but as my viſit will be to Lady Cecilia,

I ſhall expect to find her alone." Then, whiſpering to Lady Monimia, ſhe departed with Lady Davenport and Lady Georgina. As ſoon as ſhe returned home, ſhe ſent a note to Lord Montague, to beg he would wait on her the next morning, at twelve o'clock. He came at the time appointed, and they went to the Earl of Louden's. Lavinia was ſhewn up to the drawing-room, where Lady Cecilia was ready to receive her.— Lavinia entered the room, and Lord Montague followed. At the ſight of him Lady Cecilia ſtarted, ſhrieked, and covered her face with her hand. Lavinia retired.

Lord Montague flew to Lady Cecilia, kneeling and kiſſing the hand he had taken from her face — " Beloved Cecilia, ſaid he, will you forgive the raſhneſs of a lover?—a raſhneſs which was owing to the artifice of a villain!"

" I muſt forgive you," replied ſhe, " for I behaved very cruel to Lavinia, and ſhe forgave me; and, as ſhe brought you

you here, it muſt be her wiſh that I ſhould pardon you — I therefore do freely." — Lord Montague was all extacy. Lady Monimia and Lavinia, who were only in the adjoining room, now entered and congratulated him.

Lord Montague and Lavinia ſtaid to dinner, and the Earl was much pleaſed to ſee his daughter reconciled again to her lover.

" The enſuing Tueſday was the day fixed for Lady Monimia's wedding; the day after which ſhe and her Lord went to a ſmall ſeat he had in Herefordſhire.— The day arrived, and all but Lord Davenport was at the wedding,—he was ſtill with the Marquis, who continued in extreme danger.

Lady Monimia, on her wedding-day, intreated Lavinia to accompany her into Herefordſhire. " I ſhall remain there but two months my dear girl; and I am ſure my Angelina will ſpare you for that ſhort time, to oblige me." Lady Daven-

port conſented reluctantly; and Lavinia complied with the deſire of her friend, but with no great pleaſure, as leaving the Marquis was not at all conſonant with her feelings. When Lord Arundel heard that Lavinia was going to leave them, he begged to ſpeak to her. — "Excuſe the liberty, dear girl," ſaid he, "but as you will be abſent two months, your purſe may want repleniſhing—permit me to be your banker. I have loſt a daughter—allow me to adopt you in her ſtead. Will you let me be your father?"

"Moſt willingly, my dear Sir," replied Lavinia with a ſigh—"henceforward I ſhall regard you as my father, ſince you have permitted me that honour; but I have no occaſion at preſent for any money; I ſhall therefore decline your generous offer." Lady Drayton's carriage arrived—and, after embracing all her friends, Lavinia departed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

PORTRAITS FROM THE RECESS.

" Life's cares are comforts, ſuch by Heaven deſign'd;
" He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
" Cares are enjoyments; and without employ
" The ſoul is on the rack; the rack of reſt,
" To ſouls moſt adverſe;—actions all their joy."

YOUNG.

THE mind of Lavinia would have been more happy than it had been for many years; but, as mortals are never completely bleſt, the thoughts of the Marquis's illneſs diſturbed her repoſe.

At length a letter arrived from Lady Georgina, that contained the intelligence of the Marquis's recovery, and that he had

had left Bath — in the ſame letter Lady Georgina ſaid:

"I have, my dear Lavinia, juſt received a letter from Lady Euphemia Roſeville; in which is an account of the death of her ſiſter Emmerline. An air of the utmoſt dejection runs throughout the letter. They liked each other with true ſiſterly love; and Euphemia feels her loſs with the utmoſt poignancy.—Lord Arundel begs I would incloſe a note for you; ſo I find you keep a correſpondence with gentlemen too—Very well; when we meet I ſhall rally you a great deal about it."

The note of Lord Arundel conſiſted of enquiries; and he begged ſhe would accept the incloſed; being a Bank-note of fifty pounds. "As my daughter," ſaid he, "you are authoriſed to accept it." Lavinia ſat down to anſwer her letters; after which ſhe took a walk in the park, belonging to the houſe of Lord Dayton. The Receſs was juſt publiſhed—

Lavinia

Lavinia took the ſecond volume with her; and, ſeating herſelf upon the trunk of an old oak, began to read.

She had juſt come to that part, where the poor, diſtreſſed Ellinor ſays, "I die, that Eſſex may live—I ſigh, that he may breathe freely!—But, oh! ſuch ſighs; they ſeem to tincture, with blackneſs and melancholy, the very air that receives them." "Enchanting authoreſs!" exclaimed ſhe, as her tears bedewed the page ſhe was reading.—"What talents muſt be your's, that can make the human heart feel ſo much by imaginary woes! Irreſiſtable indeed muſt be your power!"

She felt for her handkerchief, to wipe her face; and, as ſhe raiſed her eyes from the book, ſhe perceived, at a ſmall diſtance, a man. He was wrapped up in a large riding-coat and hat: his arms were folded, and his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed upon Lavinia.

As ſoon as he perceived our heroine ſaw him, he made through the trees, and diſ-

diſappeared. — Lavinia immediately returned to the houſe; but ſhe took no notice to Lord or Lady Drayton of this adventure.

The Receſs was her favourite book; and ſhe took upon herſelf to take pictures from the moſt ſtriking parts of it, to preſent to Lady Davenport, on her return. She formed twelve from it, which were as follow:

The firſt interview the two ſiſters have with Elizabeth, where Sir Philip Sidney draws the curtain: Matilda lets her book fall, and Ellinor leans over her lute.— This was executed in the moſt maſterly ſtyle. The beauteous fear of Matilda's countenance, and the charming modeſty of her ſiſter's, were done in a manner, that had almoſt the appearance of life; while the agitation of Lord Leiceſter, and penſiveneſs of the Queen, were equally intereſting.

The ſecond was, Matilda half leaning over the coffin, while Mortimer has hold

hold of her hand, and entreating her to fly.

The third, was Roſe Cecil, near the coffin of Lord Leiceſter; her hands claſped upon her boſom, and her hair hanging diſhevelled: Her white robe, which is ſuppoſed to be wet, covered the ground, while her countenance expreſſes the image of deſpair; and, at a diſtance, appears the bed.

The fourth picture was, where Lady Leiceſter faints upon the couch, and her little Mary had climbed up, claſped her arms round her mother's neck, and laid her cheek upon Matilda's.

The fifth was, the firſt interview between Eſſex and Ellinor, where he kneels to her, inſtead of Miſs Walſingham.

The ſixth is, where Ellinor flies towards the barge, after her interview with her lover, and leaves him hanging — the picture of dejection over the terrace of Lord Southampton's garden. Here Lavinia exhauſted every ability; and, if any

of

of them exceeded each other, this picture boasted the pre-eminence.

The seventh was, where Ellinor has an interview with the Queen, after her marriage. The grandeur of her looks, the gracefulness of the Earl of Essex, as he leans on the chair of the Queen, were all done in the height of perfection.

The eighth, where she throws herself in the arms of Essex, when Lord Arlington enters the picture-gallery, and hides her face in his sattin cloak.

The ninth, where Phœbe, and her brother Hugh, receives the Ladies Southampton and Arundel, after their shipwreck.

The tenth, where Lady Leicester and her daughter are overturned. — Mary appears on her mother's knees, insensible: On one side of them is the Prince of Wales, and on the other the Earl of Somerset.

The eleventh was, Ellinor lying dead before the picture of Essex, at the storming

ing of Cadiz; and Matilda with her hand upon the heart of her ſiſter.

The laſt is, where Mary lies on a couch, next a table with writing implements on it; and Lady Leiceſter juſt enters the room.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

A RECONCILIATION.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine."

POPE.

"COME, Lavinia, will you take a walk?" ſaid Lady Drayton.

"I have no objection," replied Lavinia. The ladies put on their hats, and, arm in arm, walked towards the cottages. "What a charming cot is that," ſaid Lavinia, pointing to one, covered from top to bottom with jeſſamine. — "Let us enter," anſwered Lady Drayton.

"Agreed," replied Lavinia. They entered.

"Bleſs me," ſaid a clean country dame, ſpreading her hands over her apron, as ſhe

ſhe ſpoke, " what could bring you great Ladies to my cottage? Oh! I ſuppoſe you came to ſee my lodger. Ah! poor man! I believe he is a little touched here," putting her hand to her head, " but ſit down, Ladies, pray do, and reſt yourſelves; he is juſt gone out, ſo I do not expect him home this long time."

" Who is your lodger?" ſaid Lady Drayton, winking at Lavinia.

" Why, if your Ladyſhips will ſit down I will tell you." The Ladies ſeated themſelves; and ſhe continued:

" It is juſt three weeks ſince a gentleman came here to lodge. He is very ſeldom at home; he is for ever walking in the great Lord's park, who lives a little way off. One morning my Joe got up at four o'clock, to carry ſome things to market for me, having ſtrained my ancle. So as he paſſed the great houſe, he ſaw our lodger ſtand, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the chamber with the great window that faces the park. " La,

Sir, ſaid Joe, how came you up here ſo ſoon?" So he anſwered, that he could not ſleep, and had come to take a walk. One day I heard him walking about his room, in ſuch a fury, and talking to himſelf; ſo I went up ſtairs, and liſtened.—I heard him ſay, "beloved *Lavender.*" So, thinking he was fond of it, I went into the garden, plucked ſome, and took it up to him, making a curtſey. I ſaid, "I heard you wiſhed for lavender, Sir, ſo I brought you ſome." He ſmiled, and ſaid ſomething about *Ciplicity*; but he took the lavender, and gave me a crown. "Poor man," ſaid Lady Drayton, interrupting her harrangue, for fear ſhe would never ſtop, "I am ſorry for him!" Then turning to Lavinia, and with difficulty refraining from laughter—"It is time to go, my dear girl, if you are ready." Lavinia ſtarted up; and, after bidding the woman good evening, they departed. "Who can this diſguiſed hero be, my dear girl, that ſtood gazing on your win-

dow;

dow; and who calls upon your name, though the good woman miſtook it for Lavender?"

"It can be nobody, my dear Monimia, but the Marquis," replied our heroine.

"Who is this Marquis, and what of him—you never mentioned any thing to me about him."

Lavinia then repeated to her all the particulars; which ſhe had juſt concluded as they reached the houſe.

The next day Lady Drayton gave Lavinia a ſong, of her own compoſing—"My dear girl," ſaid ſhe, "you will oblige me by ſetting it to muſic." Lavinia inſtantly ſat down to the *piano-forte*. "Auguſtus," ſaid Lady Drayton, "we ſhall interrupt her, if we continue here; will you take a walk?" He conſented; and, after bidding Lavinia farewel, they departed. Our heroine continued playing—the tune ſhe had put it to pleaſed her ſo well, that ſhe played it over and

over. At length the door opened, and Lady Drayton entered. Lavinia was in the middle of her tune. She did not therefore turn her head, but ſaid, "You are ſoon returned, Monimia." "I have been out an hour," replied Lady Drayton, "if you call that ſoon."

After Lavinia had finiſhed the ſong, ſhe aroſe; but, on turning, ſhe perceived the Marquis of Caernarvon, leaning on the back of her chair. She ſtarted back with ſurpriſe. "Good God, my Lord, how came you here?" "I am come, replied he, kneeling, "to ſolicit forgiveneſs: Will you pardon me?" "Moſt willingly," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe extended her hand towards him, which he kiſſed, as he aroſe. "I am very happy to ſee you recovered, indeed!—I was very ſorry to hear of your illneſs." "Angelic goodneſs!" ſaid the Marquis, "it would almoſt tempt a man to err, to receive ſo enchanting a forgiveneſs!" "Pray, my Lord," ſaid Lavinia, ſmiling, by what chance came you to be introduced here?"

"That

"That good angel," replied he, pointing to Lady Drayton, "ſought me out, took me from my cottage, and brought me with her."

"I thought," Lady Drayton, ſaid Lavinia, archly, "you had no acquaintance with the Marquis?"

"Oh!" replied Lady Drayton, in a jeſt, "but I am always happy to get new ones, Miſs Spencer, provided they are good."

They were now informed, that dinner waited; and, as the Marquis had received an invitation, they went to the dining-parlour together.

While the Ladies were abſent, Lord Drayton had given the Marquis an invitation to reſide at the Lodge the remainder of the time they continued there.—The Marquis accepted it: and one of the ſervants was ſent for Louis, and the Marquis's portmanteau, from the cottage.

"Dear Lavinia," ſaid the Marquis, one day, "you once promiſed me your

hand—a long time ſince is elapſed; may I now hope you will be mine? — by which you will exalt me above human happineſs."

"My Lord," replied Lavinia, "I deteſt prudery; I ſhall therefore own, that I eſteem you more than any other man. Some time ſince I thought it impoſſible for me to regard your ſex with any thing elſe than abhorrence; but your diſintereſtedneſs has awoke my lethargy, and filled the chaſm my heart ſuſtained. In a fortnight we return to Bath; from thence in a few days we ſet out for London: then, my Lord, I will write you the Narrative I once promiſed; and, after you have peruſed it, if you will then accept me, I am wholly your's.

The Marquis expreſſed his gratitude; —after which ſhe took her harp, and played the little ſong of Lady Drayton's; and, at the Marquis's particular requeſt, ſung it likewiſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

A DEATH.

" Each friend, by Fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
" Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity;
" Which makes us ſtoop from our æreal heights,
" And damp'd with omen of our own deceaſe,
" On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
" Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
" O'er putrid earth, to ſnatch a little duſt,
" And ſave the world a nuiſance."

YOUNG.

AN expreſs arrived at the Lodge, to inform Lord and Lady Drayton, that the Earl had expired in a fit of apoplexy, and their preſence was deſired immediately at Bath. They ſet out poſt, and ſoon arrived there. Lady Cecilia was in

the utmoſt grief, for the loſs of her father; but was ſomewhat conſoled by the preſence of the new Earl and Counteſs, Lord and Lady Davenport, Lord Arundel, and Lady Georgina, were exceedingly happy to ſee Lavinia again with them. A few days after they ſet out for London, accompanied by the Marquis; the Earl and Counteſs of Louden, Lady Cecilia, and Lord Montague went to Drayton-Abbey, to have the remains of the late Earl interred; after which they joined their friends in London. Lavinia now took upon herſelf to write to the Marquis; and accordingly penned the following letter:

To the Marquis of Caernarvon.

" My lord,

" I HAVE ſat down with the intention of keeping my promiſe, in ſending you my mournful hiſtory; but even now I ſhrink from the taſk, fearful of loſing your good

good opinion; and at the ſame time ſtrive to avoid poiſoning the tranquility I have but ſo lately acquired, by waking dormant woes. The elegant Inatulla ſays, "the world is ſcarce a year of duration; life is but the butterfly of a day;—the ſunſhine of happineſs beameth but for an hour; why, then, ſhould we pamper our days with grief?" Retroſpection tells me, that my couch has been the hard ſeat of inquietude; and vain were my expectations of happineſs: Love was my bane — I found it tranſient and deluſive; it led me to the channel of miſery, and then left me in the atmoſphere of calamity. — I found love a mere phantom; an unſubſtantial delight; that deceives its votaries. — I might exclaim with the poet:

"Lean not on it; 'twill pierce thee to the heart!
"A broken reed at beſt—but oft a ſpear:
"On its ſharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope ex-
"pires."

Your

" Your pardon, my Lord; but I find myſelf incapable of writing my tale.—Viſit me to-morrow, at two o'clock, and I will ſtrive to repeat what I am unable to write. Farewel!

" *Lavinia Spencer.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

FEMALE BENEVOLENCE.

" Early was ſhe doom'd the child of Care,
" For love, ill-fated Love, ſubdued the fair."

MISS MORE.

LAVINIA was left at a boarding ſchool, by a gentleman, who, after recommending her greatly to the miſtreſs's care, and preſenting Mrs. Wallinger, the governeſs, with a bank-note, for one hundred pounds, left the houſe, and was never ſeen afterwards.

Lavinia was about three years old: — She was a very beautiful child, and ſoon intereſted Mrs. Wallinger in her favour.

" What

"What is your name, my love?" ſaid the governeſs, as the gentleman had not mentioned what her name was. "I have two names," replied ſhe; "I was named after my mamma and my grand-mamma. Mamma's name was Belvidera, and grand-mamma's, Lavinia; but I was always called by my firſt name; and nurſe uſed to call me Lady Belvidera." Mrs. Wallinger was ſtill in the dark. "What is your ſur-name, my love?" ſaid ſhe.—"I don't know," replied the child.—"Don't you know what your papa and mamma were called?"

"That was papa, who brought me here; and mamma always called him, before ſhe died, her dear Horatio; and he called her Belvidera; but nurſe's name was Spencer."

"Well then, my love, I will call you ſo; and, if any of the young ladies aſk you what your name is, tell them it is Miſs Spencer, and your other Lavinia."

Mrs.

Mrs. Wallinger thought the name of Belvidera too ſingular; ſhe therefore always called her Lavinia.

The two Lady Davenports went to this ſchool, and a friendſhip was formed in their infancy between them and Lavinia.

"What is the reaſon you are called Lady Cecilia and Lady Monimia?" ſaid our heroine, one day, to her two friends, while they were yet children.

"Becauſe it is our names," replied they.

"But *why* are you called *Lady?*" ſaid ſhe.

"Becauſe my papa is an Earl," anſwered Lady Cecilia;" "and ſo was my uncle, and therefore the name of Lady is our titles."

"I am ſorry my mamma is dead," ſaid Lavinia with a ſigh.

"So I ſuppoſe you are," replied Lady Cecilia, ſmiling.

"But I am ſorry for more reaſons than the misfortune of having no mamma," continued Lavinia. "Yes,"

"Yes," replied Lavinia, "they called me, when I lived at home, Lady Belvidera; but, ſince I have come here, I am always called Miſs Spencer; and I don't like the name of *Miſs* — the little girl, that goes errands, is called *Miſs* Wright."

"Heaven! What ambition in ſo youthful a breaſt!" ſaid Mrs. Wallinger to herſelf; for ſhe heard the above converſation.

"Come, young ladies," ſaid ſhe, entering the room, juſt as Lady Cecilia was going to ſpeak, "I muſt have no more of this converſation; and remember, as you value my favour, never to enter on this topic again." She then ſent the two couſins into the garden, and took Lavinia up ſtairs with her, to dreſs.

Year after year rolled on, till Lavinia was thirteen; and yet there was no intelligence of her friends. One day, a lady of Mrs. Wallinger's acquaintance, came to pay her a viſit. Lavinia had juſt

finiſhed a moſt beautiful piece of drawing —the deſign was, our firſt parents in the garden of Paradiſe, from Milton.

Lavinia wiſhed to have her governeſs's opinion of it; and hearing ſhe was in the parlour, went there, without knowing any lady was with her. When ſhe opened the door ſhe ſaw Mrs. Bedford, the name of the lady, and was about to retire; but Mrs. Wallinger called her back, and deſired her to come in. "My dear Lavinia," ſaid this good woman, "what was it you wanted with me?" "Nothing more, my dear Ma'am, than to ſhew you my drawing," replied Lavinia, with one of her ſmiles, that made her appear more than mortal—at the ſame time preſenting the picture. "This is charming, indeed!" exclaimed the governeſs." "What is your opinion, Mrs. Bedford?" ſaid ſhe, preſenting it to the lady. Mrs. Bedford ſeemed quite delighted, and paſſed the higheſt encomiums on it. Lavinia retired with

with her young heart highly elated by the praiſe ſhe had received.

"Who is that enchanting girl?" interrogated Mrs. Bedford, as ſoon as Lavinia had cloſed the door.

"I ſcarce know myſelf," replied Mrs. Wallinger. She then related the particulars already mentioned; and continued: "The note the gentleman gave me paid for no more than three years; I have, therefore, kept her ſeven years for nothing; — and, ſhould ſhe never be claimed, ſhe is ſo irreſiſtibly charming, that I would keep her while I had a farthing to ſupport her."

This noble-minded woman had been brought up, from her infancy, in opulence and grandeur. She married at the age of ſixteen, againſt the conſent of her father; but he forgave her, juſt before he died, and left her the whole of his fortune, which was very great. Her huſband was extravagant to a degree, and ſoon out-run it, large as it was; and being,

ing, beſides, greatly in debt, he had recourſe to the uſual remedy—a *piſtol*.

The humanity of the creditors allowed Mrs. Wallinger to keep her jewels; which, together with what ſhe had ſaved, (as ſhe was an excellent œconomiſt) enabled her to purchaſe the houſe ſhe reſided in; and the elegant company ſhe formerly kept recommended her a numerous ſet of ſcholars. Thus ſhe was contented, if not happy.

"My dear Eugenia," ſaid Mrs. Bedford, "you muſt reſign to me this lovely charge of your's; I will adopt her; and ſhe ſhall be heireſs to all I poſſeſs. You know," continued ſhe, ſmiling, "a widow, with an independent fortune, may do what ſhe pleaſes."

"I thank you, my kind Juliana, for your generous offer," anſwered Mrs. Wallinger; "and will accept it, as I think it will be of great advantage to my ſweet Lavinia; though Heaven knows, if I had ever a daughter of my own, I could not

reſign her with more regret; but the advantage ſhe will receive is too great for me to wiſh to deprive her of it—I will inſtantly go and inform Lavinia of her good fortune."

Mrs. Wallinger ſought our heroine, and found her in her own chamber. She informed her of the generoſity of Mrs. Bedford.

"Ah! my dear madam," ſaid Lavinia, weeping, "In what have I been ſo unfortunate as to diſoblige you, that you wiſh to ſend me from you? — let me but ſtay with you, and I will be one of your meaneſt ſervants. I will do any thing, or every thing that you ſhall command, if you will allow me to ſtay with you."

"Believe me, my love, I feel equally as much as you do at the thought of a ſeparation; but it is unavoidable. Should you now refuſe Mrs. Bedford's generous offer, ſhe will never preſent to you her friendſhip again, for every one is hurt at refuſals. Do not then, my dear girl, trifle with

with happineſs; I feel this frail form will ſoon ſink in oblivion—think of the ſituation you will then be expoſed to, if you reject ſo advantageous an offer".

"Ah! my more than mother, I will then comply, ſince it is your wiſh; but I can never love any one like you." She wept upon the boſom of Mrs. Wallinger, as ſhe ſpoke.

"It will be out of your power, my dear Lavinia, not to love Mrs. Bedford—She poſſeſſes every virtue, without any foible. Allow me to lead you to the woman, whom you are henceforward to regard as your mother; and who will, in every reſpect, deſerve that appellation." Mrs. Wallinger then gave her picture, which ſhe told her was tied round her neck, when ſhe came there; after which Lavinia reluctantly followed. Mrs. Wallinger then preſented her to Mrs. Bedford, who embraced her tenderly. She then returned to her chamber, to pack up her cloaths. After which, ſhe went into

the ſchool-room, to take leave of her youthful companions. The two Lady Draytons and our heroine promiſed to correſpond, young as they were; and to which promiſe they faithfully adhered. After tears, and a thouſand adieus from her ſchoolfellows, ſhe left them, and returned to the parlour, where her new benefactreſs waited for her.

After the moſt affectionate farewel, Lavinia, almoſt choaked with tears, followed Mrs. Bedford to her coach.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE OFFICER.

" Life ſwarms with ills; the boldeſt are afraid—
" Where then is ſafety for a tender maid?
" Unfit for conflict; round beſet with woes;
" And man, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes."
YOUNG.

THE houſe of Mrs. Bedford was at Southampton; and the ſchool Lavinia had juſt left, at Wincheſter.

When they arrived at home, Mrs. Bedford ſaid, " My dear girl, you muſt put up with a bed-chamber only for a few days, and I will order a dreſſing-room to be prepared, as ſoon as poſſible." A girl,

nearly her own age, was hired to attend Lavinia. She often paid viſits to her good friend, Mrs. Wallinger; and frequently received letters from her two friends, who had returned home.

Mrs. Bedford gave the finiſh to Lavinia's education herſelf; and, when ſhe arrived at the age of fifteen, ſhe was the moſt complete being imaginable. Lovely in her perſon, charming in her manners, with a mind highly cultivated, ſhe ſeemed a celeſtial being, deſcended from her native ſkies, to captivate mankind.

Southampton was a place of faſhionable reſort; and oppoſite the houſe of Mrs. Bedford, there came to lodge a young Officer. This gentleman took particular notice of Lavinia. Whenever ſhe went to the window, he would ſtand, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on her. She did not regard him, as ſhe imagined he might be looking at ſomething elſe; but, finding he watched her continually, ſhe one day ventured to look at him in return,

return, to ſee what ſort of a man he was; ſhe found him lovely to a degree, and her heart felt a ſomething it was unacquainted with before. "He is a charming fellow!" exclaimed ſhe, ſtill gazing. He perceived her look at him; which, until this day, ſhe had never done." Pleaſed at her noticing him, he bowed involuntarily. Lavinia returned the compliment; and, when ſhe retired from the window, the dumb ſhew was repeated. "My dear girl," ſaid Mrs. Bedford, "we will go to the Aſſembly to night. I do not believe you have been yet." Lavinia was delighted at the idea, and prepared to dreſs for the occaſion.

A ſhort time after the ladies were ſeated, the officer entered the room. Lavinia's heart palpitated—he approached them—her eyes ſparkled.—"If you are diſengaged, Madam," ſaid he, addreſſing our heroine, "may I hope for the honour of your hand?" Lavinia looked at Mrs. Bedford.—"Certainly, my love—dance

with Captain Beverly, if you are not engaged." Lavinia gave him her hand, which he received with tranſport.

"With what ardency," ſaid he to Lavinia, as ſoon as ſhe was at a diſtance from Mrs. Bedford, "have I longed for this happy period, that I might have an opportunity of telling you how much I love!"

"It is the cuſtom," replied Lavinia, "I believe, for gentlemen to talk nonſenſe at an Aſſembly; do, pray, let me perſuade you to exempt yourſelf from it." He ſmiled; bowed, and preſſed her hand.

When the Aſſembly broke up, he handed Mrs. Bedford to the chariot.—Lavinia followed. "May I be permitted to inquire after the health of your charming ward, Madam?" ſaid Beverly, addreſſing Mrs. Bedford. She granted him permiſſion. He bowed; and the chariot drove off.

"Well, my dear Lavinia, what do you think of Captain Beverly?"

Lavinia

Lavinia heſitated."

"You heſitate, Lavinia; you ſurely do not love already?"

"Lavinia bluſhed; but replied, "Bleſs me, Ma'am, how could you think of ſuch a thing?"

"I ſeldom miſtake, Lavinia; I fear you diſſimulate—Orlando is very charming; he inherits the beauty of his mother, with whom I went to ſchool; but no particular intimacy ſubſiſted between us."

The coach now ſtopped; and the converſation was interrupted. After ſupper Lavinia retired to her chamber.

Unable to ſleep, ſhe aroſe at ſix o'clock; and about ſeven ſet out to take a walk. She entered one meadow, and continued to walk through another, till ſhe arrived at the bottom of a hill, the declivity of which at once aſtoniſhed and awoke her from the reverie in which ſhe had fallen. Surpriſed at the length of ground ſhe had paſſed, and finding by her watch it was almoſt

almoſt nine o'clock, ſhe turned round, and quickened her pace, that ſhe might be at home at breakfaſt time. Having croſſed one field, on her way home, and juſt entered another, an ox appeared, followed by ſeveral men. One of them called to Lavinia to get out of the way, as the beaſt was mad. She retreated back; the ox came that way. Frightened almoſt to death, ſhe proceeded forward; the animal ſeemed bent on purſuing her; — terrified beyond deſcription, ſhe ran as faſt as ſhe poſſibly could. The beaſt followed until ſhe came to a lane, where ſhe was met by two gentlemen—exhauſted with fright and fatigue, ſhe threw herſelf into the arms of one of them, and fell lifeleſs on his boſom. By this time, the men, belonging to the ox, came up, and throwing cords round the furious beaſt, conveyed it away.

By the aid of ſalts, Lavinia revived; and, looking up, found Captain Beverly, the gentleman whom ſhe had claimed

a vo-

a voluntary protection from. Returning him her thanks, for his care, ſhe prepared to return. "Permit me, Miſs Spencer, to ſee you ſafe home?" ſaid Beverly.—"Excuſe me," replied ſhe, "it may appear an appointment—I ſhall not, therefore, mention my fright to my aunt."—(She always called Mrs. Bedford her aunt) "And when you call, this morning, beg you will not likewiſe." She then curtſied — the gentleman bowed — and ſhe returned home.

She entered the parlour juſt after Mrs. Bedford.

"Good morning, Madam; I hope you had a good night's repoſe."

"Very well, my ſweet girl, I hope you had the ſame." She ſpoke this as ſhe was turning to her.

"Good God, Lavinia!" exclaimed ſhe, "how you look!—your palid cheeks and ſinking eyes diſtreſs me greatly."

"It is nothing, my dear Ma'am, than taking a long walk this morning. I am over fatigued." "Come

" Come then, my love, let us begin breakfaſt — a diſh of coffee will refreſh you."

After breakfaſt the ladies went into the muſic-room, as Lavinia had ſome new muſic to practice. It was about one o'clock, when Captain Beverly was announced. Lavinia was in the middle of Abel's Second Concerto. — The ladies aroſe, and the uſual compliments paſſed; after which Beverly ſolicited the favour of Miſs Spencer's finiſhing what he had interrupted. She complied—After which a converſation took place on muſic. — Lavinia launched out in praiſe of that delightful accompliſhment, with a degree of enthuſiaſm, which was her peculiar characteriſtic. It was echoed by Beverly — and a very animated converſation was held, in which Mrs. Bedford joined, until the clock ſtruck three; when the ſervant entered, to inform them dinner was ready.

" If

" If you will partake, Captain, of a family dinner, we ſhall be happy of your company; but I imagine our early hours will not at all ſuit you," ſaid Mrs. Bedford. He did not want much intreaty. He accompanied them to the dinner-parlour, and ſpent the remainder of the day with them. In the evening he played at cheſs alternately with the two ladies; and about ten o'clock left them, for ſome of his libertine companions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

THE TAVERN.

" Faith flies, and Piety in exile mourns;
" And Juſtice, here oppreſt, to heaven returns."

DRYDEN.

" POOR thing!" exclaimed Beverly, after he had emptied a bottle of Burgundy.

" What is that you are talking of?" aſked Mr. Danley, the gentleman, who had been with him in the morning.

" Of a moſt lovely girl, that is dying."

" That is a pity, for a fine girl to die.—Do I know her?"

" Yes;

"Yes; you ſaw her this morning—Do you forget our morning adventure?"

"Oh, no!—Has the fright occaſioned her illneſs?"

"No!"

"What then is the cauſe of it?"

"*Me*, to be ſure," anſwered he, with the utmoſt *ſang froid*.

"Is ſhe a fine girl?" aſked all the gentlemen in a breath.

"A d——d fine one," replied Mr. Danley.

"It is a pity, Beverly, to let the girl die, if ſhe is *pretty*," ſaid one of the gentlemen, ſignificantly.

Beverly ſhrunk up his ſhoulders, and laughed. They then drank bumpers, to the re-eſtabliſhment of the health of the dying beauty.

The next day, at dinner, Mrs. Bedford enquired the reaſon Lavinia was dreſſed ſo negligently; her dreſs being a gold muſlin jacket and coat. "Don't you

you remember, my dear girl, I am going to Lady H———'s rout to-night?"

"I recollect it, Madam; but if no way diſagreeable to you, I ſhould wiſh to decline going."

"By all means, my love." At the proper time Mrs. Bedford ſat out; and a ſhort time after Captain Beverly was announced. Lavinia received him with her uſual eaſe and elegance.

Beverly made a declaration of his paſſion. Lavinia bluſhed, and was ſilent.

He proceeded, and entreated her to conſent to a private marriage. Lavinia refuſed; but he continued to

"Beg her, with tears, his warm deſires to grant;
"For tears can pierce a heart of adamant."

OVID.

Till at length he got her to ſay, "She would conſider about it."

"You have heard, dear girl, that I have an uncle," ſaid Beverly, "or I ſhould not ſue for a private wedding."—Lavinia begged he would drop the ſubject

ject for the preſent—he bowed, and complied.

"I have one more favour to requeſt," ſaid he, a ſhort time afterwards.

"You do nothing but ſolicit favours, this evening," replied Lavinia.

"This is an innocent requeſt," anſwered he, "and I hope you will grant it me?"

"What is it?" interrogated Lavinia.

"Allow me to take a lock of your hair," anſwered he, ſmiling.

How could a girl, not ſixteen, deeply enamoured of a ſmart fellow, with a ſcarlet coat, and an epaulet, refuſe him any thing? Impoſſible! She ſmiled, and conſented. He received it with the utmoſt delight, and treaſured it with the greateſt care. He then engaged her for the next Aſſembly, which was the enſuing Tueſday. A modeſt kiſs was granted;—after which he bid her adieu, and departed.

When he was gone, ſhe took up a new novel, that lay in the room. It chanced to be, The Viſiting Day — Mrs. Bedford ſtopping late, ſhe had juſt finiſhed the firſt volume. Lady Somerville, the heroine, is privately married; and, after the death of her father-in-law, a happy reconciliation takes place. This wore away the poor opinion Lavinia had of private marriages, though her prejudice was never ſtrong; and ſhe determined, if Beverly aſked again, to conſent. — The Tueſday arrived, and the ladies went to the ball. Beverly again danced with Lavinia, and again preſſed his ſuit. Lavinia mentioned Mrs. Bedford. "Ah! dear girl, do not annihilate me, by raiſing ſo grand an obſtacle as that!"

"What! would you have me keep it a ſecret from my aunt?" ſaid Lavinia, haſtily.

"Certainly," exclaimed he, with energy: "Do you then imagine, that Mrs. Bedford, with her fortune, will conſent

to

to a private marriage? No; never. Believe me, my dear girl, I deſpiſe fortune; it is yourſelf I am enamoured of—not that worthleſs droſs, which men ſo much contend for."

"What, then, would you have me do?" ſaid Lavinia, ſighing.

"Conſent to make me bleſt on Thurſday—I expect a friend of mine, an eccleſiaſtic — he will join us, if you will agree, on Friday."

"I cannot," replied Lavinia—"It is too ſoon."

"It cannot be too ſoon, Lavinia," continued Beverly, with a ſigh. "Conſider, dear girl, if we delay it, ſome unforeſeen accident may intervene, and prevent it for ever."

"Mrs. Bedford," murmured Lavinia.

"Damnation, Madam!" exclaimed Beverly, throwing her hand from him, which before he held, "you love me not; and your mentioning your aunt is *merely* a ſubterfuge."

" It is well Sir," ſaid Lavinia, riſing: " You think, by your paſſion, to terrify me; but you miſtake; we now part for ever—I will ſeek my aunt (Mrs. Bedford being in the card-room) and, Sir,"——

" Stop, ſtop, Lavinia, drive me not to madneſs," ſaid he, with the moſt diſtracted energy. " If I have uttered any thing improper, pardon me; and think, that the ardour of my paſſion occaſioned it."

" You uſe me very ill," ſaid Lavinia, weeping.

" Ah! dear girl, pardon me," anſwered he, preſſing her hand with the utmoſt fervour. " Conſent to be mine; and the whole ſtudy of my life ſhall be to annihilate my firſt offence."

Lavinia was ſilent.

" Will you, Lavinia, be mine on Friday?

She conſented—after which they joined the dance.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

THE WEDDING.

" Tu pleures malheureuſe — ah tu devais pleurer
" lorſque d'un vain deſir à la perte pouſſee tu concur
" de le voir la première penſee."

CORNEILLE.

" Hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd;
" Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
" And be, with caution, bold."

GRAY.

WHEN Lavinia retired to reſt ſhe took a retroſpection of what had paſſed.

" Good God!" exclaimed ſhe, " what have I promiſed? Oh! that I could retract!—but that's impoſſible." Then, burſting into tears, ſhe reproached herſelf moſt bitterly.

At breakfaſt, the next morning, ſhe looked ſo ill, and ſpoke ſo faint, that it was perceptible to Mrs. Bedford, ſhe laboured under ſome ſecret uneaſineſs; but ſhe was too delicate to mention it.

The lovers met according to appointment; and Beverly's tenderneſs partly diſſipated the fears which agitated Lavinia.

On the Friday they were married by Beverly's man, at the lodging of Mr. Danley, who gave Lavinia away. The way Beverly came to the chamber of Belvidera was by a rope-ladder, through the window of her dreſſing-room, which was very long.

In this manner a month rolled on—Beverly had preſented Lavinia with his picture, incloſed in the locket which Lady Cecilia had noticed on the watch-chain of our heroine. They were as happy in each other as poſſible; when on a ſudden Fate ordained a ceſſation.

One morning, Lavinia entered the breakfaſt-room, and found Mrs. Bedford abſent.

abſent. This was uncuſtomary, as ſhe was always up firſt. Lavinia was ſurpriſed—ſhe rang the bell for Mrs. Bedford's woman.

"Charlotte, have you attended your miſtreſs this morning?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Step up then, and ſee if ſhe is awake."

The ſervant went, and in a ſhort time returned. Horror and conſternation were painted on her countenance.

"Speak! ſpeak!" ſaid Lavinia, with the utmoſt horror.

"What ails you?"

"My miſtreſs has breathed her laſt," articulated the weeping domeſtic. Lavinia heard enough. She ſunk lifeleſs on the ground. Charlotta Summers, the ſervant, and Lavinia recovered. "Send for a Doctor, faultered ſhe feebly, as ſhe aſcended the ſtairs to Mrs. Bedford's chamber. The Doctor ſoon arrived, and found our heroine weeping over the in-

animate corpſe of her benefactreſs. He examined Mrs. Bedford, and declared, that her death was owing to an apoplexy.

The ſudden death of Mrs. Bedford cauſed our heroine to be deſtitute of fortune, as no will was made, and Mrs. Wallinger had been dead above ſix months; ſhe therefore wrote a note to Beverly, after ſhe had recovered herſelf a little, to inform him of her ſituation. He ſent her a very tender and affectionate reply; ſaying, "Since I have been ſo fortunate as to call you my wife, I ſhall always be happy to ſupport you as ſuch. Would to heaven I had no uncle, to prevent my acknowledging you publickly."

Beverly, in reality, had no uncle — it was merely his ſubterfuge for deceiving her.

The father of Orlando was, like his ſon, the moſt abandoned libertine that ever exiſted. Being at Scarborough, in the faſhionable ſeaſon, he fell in love with a Miſs Archer. Clara was the moſt exquiſite

quiſite beauty imagination could form, and heireſs to an enormous fortune, of which ſhe was independent miſtreſs.—Beverly was handſome, inſinuating, and ſoon captivated the artleſs Clara. She conſented to have him; and they were married. Fortunately for her, ſhe had friends, who inſiſted on the whole of her fortune being ſettled on herſelf. Beverly was not avaricious; and his paſſion for her being in its height he conſented to it; and, for the firſt three months they were as happy as poſſible. When that period was paſt, Beverly's paſſion began to pall; and he left his lovely Clara, in purſuit of other pleaſures—Being very much addicted to gaming and other licentious purſuits. Orlando was their only child; and when he was ſix years old, Mrs. Beverly died of a broken heart, leaving the whole of her fortune to her youthful ſon. Orlando ſoon after loſt his father, who was ſhot by a highwayman, upon refuſing to deliver his purſe.

The

The young Beverly inherited all his father's libertiniſm, joined to his mother's beauty. The profeſſion he choſe was the army; and he entered it when he was nineteen years of age.

After the burial of Mrs. Bedford, Beverly took Lavinia to a ſmall eſtate of his own. It was in Suſſex—the houſe romantic and beautiful, ſituated at the declivity of a hill—a thick tufted grove ſhaded this little paradiſe, a living ſtream kept up its verdure, and adorned the rural ſcene. The domeſtics conſiſted of two females and a boy.

In this ſimple, but elegant, retreat, Lavinia lived in the moſt perfect happineſs, with her beloved Orlando. Almoſt ſeven months had elapſed; — two more were to make her a mother. They were both happy at the idea; and were as bleſt as mortals could be; but it was of a ſhort duration—A letter arrived, that cauſed a chaſm.

After

After the receipt of this letter, Beverly became melancholy and penſive. — He informed Lavinia, that he had received a letter, with orders to join his regiment; and three days after he left her. The heart of Lavinia ſunk—ſomething whiſpered her, that the letter contained more than Beverly thought proper to inform her. An uncommon depreſſion came over her ſpirits; and, though Beverly had promiſed to ſee her in the courſe of two or three days, ſhe wept inceſſantly. The ſecond day after his departure, Lavinia went into his ſtudy, to peruſe a book. She had a beautiful French lap-dog, of which ſhe was very fond, and uſed to follow her conſtantly. Veto played about the room, while his miſtreſs ſat reading. On a ſudden he brought ſomething, and laid it at her feet—then began to bark. Lavinia, at firſt, did not regard him; but his repeated barking made her exclaim, "What ails you, my poor Veto?"—at the ſame time

time ſtooping, to coax him. The dog dropped his head, took from the ground, with his mouth, what he had found, and forced it to Lavinia. It was a letter.—She took it from him, and he laid himſelf down quietly.

A letter—the heart of our heroine palpitated—" Forbear to read it," ſaid Honour. Lavinia would have followed its dictates; but ſhe recollected it to be the ſame letter Orlando received a few days before. An inexpreſſible ſomething at her heart prompted her to read the fatal letter—her fingers involuntarily unfolded it, and preſented to her the following words.

" I have the beſt intelligence for you, Orlando that you have received for this long time; but firſt give me leave to rally you a little.

" Is it poſſible, dear fellow, that you could immure yourſelf ſeven long months with the ſame girl, in a romantic cottage, ſixty miles from the *beau monde*. Oh! I beg

beg your honour's pardon — I forgot you was very near Brighton; and could regale yourſelf when you choſe. Do you know, Beverly, I am deviliſh fearful that you will be a curſed fool enough to *reform*, as the *wiſe* folks call it, and, in one of your fits of infatuation, marry that girl of your's; nay, I ſhould fear you had really married her, if I had not been witneſs to the ceremony, and was perfectly acquainted with the *parſon*.

" Rouſe, Beverly, for mercy's ſake, awake from your lethargy, and hearken to the project I have to offer you.

" You recollect the enchanting Lady Ophelia Marchmont. She is become a widow. Laſt night I was at the rout of Lady D——. She was there—She did not play, I therefore ſeated myſelf near her.

" Mr. Danly," ſaid ſhe, in the courſe of converſation " how is your friend Beverly?

" Exceſſive

" Exceſſive happy, no doubt, Madam, if he knew what a charming woman enquired after him."

" Pſhaw, nonſenſe," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing.

" Tell me,"—after a pauſe, where your friend is ?"

" I cannot tell, indeed," replied I, careleſsly, on purpoſe to ſee what ſhe aimed at.

" You recollect, Danly, my marriage was an act of obedience—Juſt before my marriage, I ſaw Beverly; and let me own to you, that I loved him, though I was engaged to another."

" Here her charming countenance was diffuſed with bluſhes. She aroſe with haſte, curtſied ſlightly, and ordered one of the ſervants to have her carriage called. I aroſe, and aſked permiſſion to hand her to it. She made no reply; but gave me her hand. After being ſeated ſhe bowed, and the chariot drove off.

" Heaven,

"Heaven, Beverly, what an enviable wretch you are, to be in poſſeſſion of ſuch a miſtreſs as Lavinia, and to have it in your power to wed ſo charming, ſo rich, and amiable a woman! Come then, man, to town; pay your devoirs to Lady Ophelia—marry her, and triumph!

"Farewel,

"*Walter Danley.*"

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

GENEALOGY.

" Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
" When th' due wets its leaves,—unſtain'd and pure,
" As is a lily on the mountain ſnow."

THOMSON.

IT was with difficulty Lavinia could finiſh it. She ſtopped repeatedly, to gain breath—her reſpiration was ſhort, and ere ſhe could finiſh the laſt paſſage of the letter, ſhe ſunk lifeleſs on the ground. The noiſe of the fall, added to the barking of the favourite dog, alarmed one of the ſervants, who was in the next room.

She

She flew to the ſuccour of her miſtreſs, and laid her on a couch. At a ſmall diſtance from the houſe reſided the Doctor, who was to attend Lavinia. By his aſſiſtance ſhe recovered, and was conveyed to her own chamber; where ſhe was inſtantly taken in labour, though but ſeven months advanced in her pregnancy, and was not delivered till the next day. The Doctor then declared her mother of a ſon, though Lavinia was inſenſible to all that paſſed, one fainting fit ſucceeding another. In this ſituation ſhe continued until the evening, when ſhe was unanimouſly declared to have breathed her laſt. The two ſervants, who had been weeping the whole time, now burſt out in a freſh torrent.—At that inſtant the door opened, and Beverly entered. "Ha!" exclaimed he, what ails my Lavinia?"

"Alas! Sir," replied the Doctor, "I am exceſſive ſorry to inform you, that your Lady is no more." At the ſame time they preſented the child to him.—

He was unable to receive it; a ſtupefaction had benumbed every faculty; and he ſunk, if not lifeleſs, inſenſible on the couch, with his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on the inanimate Lavinia. An hour elapſed, when a deep agonizing groan proclaimed that the fair ſufferer ſtill exiſted. Beverly flew to the bed, knelt, ſnatched her hand, and preſſed it to his boſom. Reſtoratives were now adminiſtered to our heroine, who gradually revived. At laſt ſhe opened her eyes; but, upon perceiving Beverly, ſhe ſnatched her hand haſtily away—waved it for him to leave her, and cloſed her eyes with diſguſt.—Beverly refuſed to leave the room. The Doctor informed him, if he wiſhed her to live he muſt quit it—he reluctantly complied. Lavinia was put to bed, and appearances ſeemed to promiſe the life of our heroine and her child.

Beverly inſiſted on entering the room as ſoon as poſſible. He took the hand of Lavinia, and addreſſed her in the moſt tender

tender manner. She faintly desired him to re-peruse the letter from Mr. Danley, and to leave her for ever. Beverly was of a disposition that would not brook a repulse; he therefore complied with her commands,—left Sussex, returned to London, and paid the most assiduous attention to Lady Ophelia, in order to dissipate the remembrance of Lavinia; besides which there was a tincture of avarice in his disposition, which made him admire the fortune of Lady Ophelia.

Lady Ophelia Marchmont saw Beverly at an assembly. She danced with him, and became enamoured at first sight; but she was already engaged to an old Baronet. The papers were signed, the equipage complete, jewels presented, the day of the wedding fixed, and every thing settled. To retract, therefore, was impossible. She was obliged to give her hand to an old dotard, while her heart was given to a young insinuating libertine.

Lady Ophelia was, in perſon, beautiful; feminine and elegant—and the gentlemen called her the Venus de Medicis. She was of a middling ſtature, and elegant ſhape. She had a delicate round face, light blue languiſhing eyes, a Grecian noſe, and lovely mouth, and her hair of a beautiful auburn. Her father was very poor—though a nobleman. He therefore thought the beauty of his daughter would procure her a huſband without any fortune. In this it turned out to his moſt ſanguine expectations. — Sir Anthony Marchmont took her without any portion; the marriage therefore was a ſacrifice to duty and ambition. Lady Ophelia looked on herſelf as the victim thereof, and her heart adored another; ſhe therefore fancied herſelf miſerable. Eighteen months however made her a widow, and ſole miſtreſs of an enormous fortune.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

" Out of the bed, the other fair hand was
" On a green ſattin quilt; whoſe perfect white
" Look'd like a daiſy in a field of graſs;
" And ſhow'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight.
" There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
" The reſt o'the body, that lay faſt aſleep.
" Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
" Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn;
" But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuff made,
" That it broke through, and ſhow'd itſelf in ſcorn:
" Throwing a kind of light about the place,
" Which turn'd to ſmiles, as't came near her face."

SUCKLING.

LAVINIA continued ill for ſome time; and though Beverly was happy in the ſmiles of Lady Ophelia, he longed

ardently to ſee Lavinia. He therefore returned to Suſſex, and repaired to the chamber of Lavinia.

" She had that moment ſunk into a ſoft repoſe,
" And in the calm oblivion forgot her woes."

The infant laid near her; and the nurſe had juſt left the room. Beverly gazed, and thought ſhe never looked ſo beautiful before. Lavinia ſtarted — this rouſed Beverly. He feared ſhe would wake, and precipitately left the room.

When Lavinia awoke, one of the ſervants was in the room. " Bleſs me, Madam, ſaid ſhe, " how my maſter frightened me!"

" Why, Ann?"

" O la, Madam, he came on his horſe full ſpeed; and when he came in the houſe, he ran directly up to your chamber. A little time after I recollected I had a bed to make; ſo, Madam, I ran up ſtairs, but was met by my maſter; who came down in ſuch haſte, that, paſſing

fing by me, he threw me down ſeveral ſtairs. He never ſtopped to ſee if I was hurt; but got on his horſe, and rode off, as faſt as poſſible."

"And are you hurt, Ann?"

"No; thank God, not in the leaſt, Madam."

When Lavinia found Beverly had been there, ſhe thanked heaven ſhe had not ſeen him; and reſolved to leave his houſe as ſoon as her ſituation would allow.

Lavinia would gaze on her child with the utmoſt delight; and oftentimes would ſhe exclaim — "Wretched infant! the offspring of miſery; thou haſt no father to guard thy infant ſteps from vice, or to point out the path of virtue; and ſoon will thy wretched mother be no more!"

The only amuſement Lavina received, was by taking in the newſpapers daily. — One morning the following paragraph ſtruck her, as it may be imagined.

"The long-expected wedding between Captain Beverly of the —— Regiment,

and Lady Ophelia Marchmont, of Groveſnor-place, is at length to take place on Friday next."

"It is well," ſaid Lavinia; "he then deſerts me; he weds another;—ſhall I thus reſign him, and without revenge? If I could, I ſhould be deſtitute of ſenſe and feeling. My child claims revenge; and its mother ſhall ſatisfy him."

This reſolution was no ſooner formed than put in execution. The ſervant was ſent to beſpeak a poſt-chaiſe, to be ready at eight o'clock the next morning.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the chaiſe ſtopped in Groſvenor-place. Lavinia enquired for Lady Ophelia. Her elegant appearance procured her a reception. She was ſhewn into the drawing-room, with her child in her arms. Lady Ophelia was ſitting with Beverly—he had been reading to her Orlando Furioſo.—They were diſputing upon the inconſtancy of Angelica's diſpoſition, when the door opened, and Lavinia entered. She

flew

flew to Beverly — knelt — preſented her child; and, in the moſt pathetic manner, intreated protection for her infant. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the rage of Beverly—thus, in a moment, to ſee his avaricious hopes fruſtrated.

CHAP. XXXVII.

FRENZY.

" Not with ſo fierce a rage the foaming flood
" Roars, when it finds its rapid courſe withſtood:
" Bears down the dams with unreſiſted ſway,
" And ſweeps the cattle and the cots away."

VIRGIL.

BEVERLY ſnatched the infant from the ſuppliant beauty; and, with a mad, unthinking frenzy, daſhed it to the ground—then darting by them, he ruſhed out of the houſe. Lady Ophelia ſhrieked, and covered her face with her hands.

The blow had killed the infant—the cherub breathed no more. Lavinia gazed,

zed, with horror, upon her child, and ſunk lifeleſs upon the ground.

Lady Ophelia, who till now had been weeping, aroſe, and rang the bell with violence. A ſervant appeared—ſhe ordered him to ſend the houſe-keeper and her woman to her immediately. They attended—ſhe had Lavinia put in her own bed, and a phyſician ſent for. She then turned to the houſe-keeper, and ordered her to have the child privately interred. "And pray, Madam," ſaid Mrs. Petre, (which was the name of the houſe-keeper) "what is to be done with the ſervant, who attended the lady here?" "Let her remain till her miſtreſs recovers."

The Doctor ſoon arrived; and, by his aſſiſtance, Lavinia ſoon revived. But, alas! how changed—ſhe raved incoherently about her child, Beverly, and Lady Ophelia.

In a few hours ſhe appeared quite emaciated. The Phyſician aſſured Lady Ophelia, that it would be the greateſt miracle

racle if ſhe recovered. Lady Ophelia wept at the ſentence—She felt an uncommon love for Lavinia.

On the ſeventh day our heroine began to recover, and gathered ſtrength. Lady Ophelia, who had conſtantly attended her, fatally caught the fever; and the day Lavinia got up, Lady Ophelia took to her bed.

Lavinia, though weak, inſiſted on attending; but ſhe proved not ſo fortunate a nurſe as Lady Ophelia had been; for on the fourth day her new friend expired in her arms.

Lavinia had been the child of ſorrow; ſhe had drank deep of the cup of affliction; miſery was almoſt familiar to her—but nothing hurt her more than the death of Lady Ophelia.

Lavinia was now at a loſs what to do; but at length ſhe recollected her two friends, the Lady Draytons. Her correſpondence had ceaſed with them ever ſince ſhe became acquainted with Beverly;

ly; but, remembering the ardent friendſhip they had proffered her, ſhe determined to appeal to them. Accordingly ſhe went to Portland-place, the family being in town. Lady Cecilia received her with that warmth which was her diſtinguiſhed characteriſtic, and our heroine became one of the family. The Counteſs ſhewed a great partiality for Lavinia. Our heroine never informed her friends of her frailties; ſhe only ſaid, that Mrs. Bedford, dying ſuddenly, had left her friendleſs and deſtitute; and the ladies were too polite to make further enquiries. Lavinia ſent to Suſſex for her cloaths; which were inſtantly ſent; and ſhe was in this family as happy as retroſpection would allow her. She had never ſeen or heard of Beverly till the rencontre at Drayton-Abbey.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE REHEARSAL.



- - - - - - - - - " In trembling accents,
With tears and bluſhes broken, told her tale."

THOMSON.

AT two o'clock the next day, the Marquis was in Groſvenor-ſquare, as Lavinia had appointed in her letter.

Lavinia bluſhed as ſhe aroſe to receive him. After the uſual compliments, Lavinia addreſſed him—" You have waited on me, my Lord, to hear my narration."

The Marquis bowed, and Lavinia commenced it. She mitigated her own conduct, as much as poſſible, and went through

through it tolerably; except now and then interrupted by her tears, and all through, her face was covered with bluſhes.

" In pity to me let me know who the villain was, that treated you thus?" (Lavinia had not mentioned any names)—" that I may revenge the wrongs you have received!"

" I have told you, my Lord, he is out of England."

" True; but he may return."

" All that he could urge was vain;—Lavinia would not tell the name of her ſeducer.

" Beloved Lavinia," ſaid the Marquis, " I may now claim you as my own—you recollect your own words," continued he, ſmiling,—" *After you have heard my narrative, if you will then accept me, I am wholly your's.*"

Lavinia bluſhed—" I will not deviate, my Lord," ſaid ſhe. " We go into Wales in a ſhort time; after I return I will

will object to nothing you ſhall propoſe."

"Alas, Lavinia, this is the third time you have put me off. Conſent to be mine before we go to Wales. Where, my charmer, is the difference, if you appear there as Miſs Spencer, or Marchioneſs of Caernarvon?"

"Excuſe me, my Lord, I cannot think of marrying before we go to Wales, as you know that we go in the courſe of a month; but," continued ſhe, bluſhing, and extending him her hand, "to content you, I will exchange my name when we are there, if agreeable to my friends."

The Marquis kiſſed the hand ſhe gave him, with extacy, and returned her his thanks.

The party that was to accompany Lord Davenport to his ſeat, in Wales, were as follow: the Marquis, Lord Arundel, Sir Harry le Blond, and Lady Euphemia Roſeville, who had juſt arrived from Briſtol,

Briſtol, where ſhe had been with her father, until his death.

Two days before they left London, Lady Davenport propoſed going to the play; accordingly a box was taken, and Drury-lane honoured by their company.

In the front box, leaning againſt the pillar, Lavinia beheld Beverly, with his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on her.—A thouſand ſenſations co-operated in an inſtant, and ſhe ſunk lifeleſs in the arms of the Marquis, who ſat behind her. She ſoon recovered, and pleaded the warmth of the houſe. The party inſtantly inſiſted on returning home; and the ſervants being called, they left the theatre.

Lavinia was aſtoniſhed to ſee Beverly. She imagined he was not in England; and ſhe was never more happy than when ſhe found herſelf in the carriage, on the way to Wales.

" My dear Lady Georgina," ſaid our heroine, " will the Sims's family pay us a viſit ?"

" Ah! no, my dear girl, they don't leave London this ſeaſon; but on Sunday next, my brother gives a public dinner, and then you will receive a fund of entertainment."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE DINNER-PARTY.

" Black choler ſwell'd his breaſt, that boil'd with
" ire,
" And from his eye-balls flaſh'd the living fire."

HOMER.

SUNDAY arrived. The family had juſt breakfaſted, being half after one o'clock, when the parſon and his wife were announced.

" Pleſs me, Lady Davenport," ſaid Mrs. Ap-Griffiths, as ſoon as ſhe entered the room, " not yet broakfaſted! Ah!

Got pleſs me, you have prought down all you Lonten faſhions."

Lady Davenport gave orders for the breakfaſt equipage to be removed; and propoſed a walk in the garden. The propoſal was accepted, and they all ſallied forth. Lavinia was walking with the Marquis and Lady Georgina, when Mrs. Ap-Griffiths came to her.

" So Miſs, I hear you are going to pe a pride—Well, your are a fine puxom young laty; and as the gentleman, who is going to pe your huſpand, has an eſtate here, inteet I hope you will pe often in Wales."

Lavinia curtſied to this compliment, and with difficulty refrained from laughter."

The company now increaſed. A Miſs Julius, a Mr. Mervin, her ſuitor; and ſeveral other perſons made up the party. At five o'clock they entered the dining-parlour, much to the ſatisfaction of Mr.

and

and Mrs. Griffiths, who were half-famiſhed with waiting ſo long.

Sir Harry le Blond ſat oppoſite Mr. Ap-Griffiths; who devoured the victuals with ſuch rapaciouſneſs, that he attracted the notice of the beau. At length the parſon exclaimed—

Pray, Sir, what do you ſtare at?"

"What a ſavage!" ſaid Sir Harry to Lady Georgina, who ſat next to him, without deigning to anſwer the perſon he had offended.

"Sir, ſir," ſaid the irritated parſon, "what do you mean by uſing the word ſavage?"

"Curſe me," replied Sir Harry, "if thoſe Welch mountains contain any thing better than a ſet of Hottentots."

"Lord deliver me," ſaid Mr. Ap-Griffiths, putting down his knife and fork, and lifting up his hands and eyes, "I never in all my days heard ſuch a liar!"

" Liar! liar!" reiterated Sir Harry, riſing, " eat your words, or"——

" Oh, for Got ſake, my dear Tavid," ſaid Mrs. Ap-Griffith, " ton't quarrel!"

Lady Georgina burſt into a loud laugh, and the reſt of the company expreſſed their aſtoniſhment by their countenances.

" Peace, woman," ſaid the impetuous huſband.

" And pray," continued the parſon, " what did he mean by *Hottengoods?* We have no ſuch things among the Welch mountains, as he calls them; but when I was in London, I think I recollect hearing a woman call them, and I believe they were little hart-cakes, four for a penny, that ſhe ſold; but if you want them, you muſt go back to London, for there is none ſold among the *Welch mountains.*

Sir Harry did not condeſcend to make any reply; but, turning to Miſs Julius, preſented her with a plate of radiſhes.

" Will

"Will you chooſe to eat ſome, Madam?" ſaid he, with officious politeneſs.

"I never eat them, Sir," ſaid ſhe, liſping, "they make me *repeat*.

"*Repeat!*" reiterated Sir Harry, with his eyes and mouth extended.

"Ructate, Miſs Julius meant," ſaid Lady Georgina, biting her cambric handkerchief, to prevent laughing; Mr. Mervin frowned, Miſs Julius bluſhed, and the company tittered.

As ſoon as the deſert was removed, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, and Lady Georgina, Lady Euphemia, with Miſs Spencer, went together to the latter's dreſſing-room.

"For heaven's ſake," ſaid Lavinia, "who is that piece of affectation, Miſs Julius?"

She is," replied Lady Georgina, the daughter of a merchant, who died, and left each of his children a genteel fortune."

" Mr. Mervin is a widower, who married an old woman for the ſake of her fortune. In a very ſhort period ſhe died, and left him the whole of it. This enabled him to purchaſe a carriage, and to look about him, among all the females in Wales, which had the beſt fortune.—Miſs Julius bore the palm, and accordingly he paid his addreſſes to her. They both ſoon became *deeply* in love. Miſs Julius enamoured of the carriage, and Mr. Mervin of her fortune. Thus they became *public lovers*. He took upon himſelf to improve her, and taught her to *read French* and *ſpeak Engliſh*, and likewiſe to ride and to *walk*. And, to all appearance, they are to be married. This gentleman is, in every reſpect, a perfect Zeluco, as deſcribed by Doctor More.

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

" Woman, the pride, the happineſs of man,
" Without thoſe ſoft endearments Nature's plan
" Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought."

CHURCHILL.

THE Marquis repeated theſe lines as he entered the dreſſing-room. " You truants," ſaid he, addreſſing the ladies, " I am come to fetch you—the dining-room can do no longer without you." Lavinia preſented him her hand, and the two ladies followed. After tea, the card-tables were placed; and part of the company ſeated themſelves to whiſt.

Thoſe

Thoſe who did not play, ſeated themſelves in a pleaſant corner of the room, and the following dialogue took place.

LADY GEORGINA.

Pray, girls, have either of you read a novel, that is juſt come out?—It is called Euphemia, and is written by Mrs. Lenox.

LADY EUPHEMIA.

Yes; I have read my name-ſake.

MISS STANHOPE.

And ſo have I read it. Pray, Lady Georgina, what is your opinion of it.

LADY GEORGINA.

Charming—I admire it very much.

MISS STANHOPE.

Indeed! Do you? Well, I am not of your way of thinking. There is no plot whatever

whatever in it; and the whole runs on in ſo dry and inſipid a manner, that I was quite tired of it.

LADY GEORGINA.

Indeed, Laura, I am ſurpriſed at your taſte. In my opinion, Euphemia is the moſt charming novel of the modern kind that has been publiſhed for this long time; for my part, I never was tired of reading it; and I aſſure you, I was vext when it finiſhed. Dou't you think ſo, Euphemia?

LADY EUPHEMIA.

Yes; indeed, I do.

MISS STANHOPE.

Ah, you are all againſt me; but I ſtill maintain, that it is inſipid. Pray, what do we want with ſo copious a deſcription of America in a novel? And then ſhe loſes her child in ſo inconſiſtent

ſiſtent a manner — Upon the whole, I dont't like it. Pray, Miſs Spencer, have you read it ?—If you have, what is your opinion ?

LAVINIA.

My opinion, Madam, does not in the leaſt coincide with your's.

MISS STANHOPE.

You like it then ?

LAVINIA.

Yes ; I do very much.

MISS STANHOPE.

Well, ſince you are all againſt me, I muſt give it up ; but methinks you muſt allow it is all about nothing."

LADY GEORGINA.

No, I will not even allow that ; but ſuppoſe it was, Mrs. Lenox has the more claim to our praiſe. You know that Madame

Madame de Sevigne was ſo much admired, becauſe ſhe could write upon nothing. But really every page delighted and intereſted me.

MISS STANHOPE.

Chacun à ſon goût.

LADY EUPHEMIA.

Well, if you do not approve of Mrs. Lenox, pray what do you thing of Charlotte Smith ?

MISS STANHOPE.

I like her much — her Emmerline charming, and her Ethelinde, *oh, delightful !*

LADY GEORGINA.

" Heaven, you jeſt ! is it poſſible you can think Ethelinde delightful ?"

MISS STANHOPE.

Yes; indeed I do.

LADY GEORGINA.

I am certain, Laura, you do not in reality think ſo. The whole of it is, it is the faſhion to ſay ſo, and you muſt be in the *ton*.

LAVINIA.

Methinks Faſhion would never prejudice me in that point; for my part, I do not like Ethelinde. The tale is extended to an unneceſſary length; and it is only liked, as Lady Georgina ſaid, becauſe it is the *faſhion*.

LADY GEORGINA.

I am quite of Miſs Spencer's opinion.

MISS STANHOPE.

Why then you contradict what you but a moment ago advanced. Did you not ſay, that an author ought to be admired, who can write, and has no ſubject to write upon?

LADY

LADY GEORGINA.

True; I did ſay ſo; but the writing muſt not be tireſome; and though we read, we are diſguſted.

MISS STANHOPE.

Ah, I ſee we cannot coincide.

LADY GEORGINA.

Pray what is your opinion of hiſtorical novels? What do you think of the Receſs?

LAVINIA, *with Eagerneſs.*

Oh, that's *my* favourite. The very name animates me. I think Miſs Lee deſerves to have her ſtatue erected for it. There never was a work yet that is entitled to ſo much praiſe. I would give give the world to converſe with the authoreſs. She muſt be an enchanting woman—the very name of Lee charms me beyond deſcription.

MISS STANHOPE.

Oh, you little enthuſiaſt—but in this I agree with you. I admire as much as you can the Receſs; but do you not think Monmouth equals it?

LAVINIA.

By no means. The language of Monmouth is grand, noble, and even elegant; but it wants that enchanting pathos Miſs Lee ſo elegantly makes uſe of. I own, that we read with admiration and delight the grand deſcriptions which are in Monmouth; but had it been in the hands of Miſs Lee, each line, each page, would have been wet with tears; while the pen of Mrs. Johnſon we only admire for the deſcription of the unfortunate Lucy's ſufferings, when her child is torn from her, and there we dedicate a tear. But had it been in the hands of the fair authoreſs of the Receſs, it would have wrung each fibre of the heart — Then, where

Monmouth

Monmouth finds his Emma, it is cold, ſpiritleſs, and undeſcriptive; but whenever Ellinor and Eſſex meet, it is great beyond imagination.

Not that I ſpeak againſt Monmouth; for, except the Receſs, it is the moſt charming book I ever read, of the hiſtoric kind.

LADY GEORGINA.

Bravo, Lavinia! you have exerted yourſelf charmingly; pray, child, don't you find your tongue almoſt exhauſted? but I ſuppoſe that is impoſſible, while you are expatiating upon your favourite author, Miſs Lee.

MISS STANHOPE.

If you are ſo fond of hiſtoric novels, what do you think of Alan Fitz-Oſborn?

LAVINIA.

I think it but *la, la*; and the plaineſt demonſtration I can give you that I think

ſo is, that I do not remember much of it; but this I recollect, that Gertrude, who is the moſt charming and noble character in it, is left in the middle of the book in the moſt abrupt and horrid manner imaginable; but I have another favourite authoreſs, and that is Miſs Reeve.

MISS STANHOPE.

Oh! then you like a ghoſt ſtory.

LAVINIA.

It is not her Old Engliſh Baron that I alone admire. I like every one of her writings. (Her Progreſs of Romance excepted, which I never read) As for her laſt work, the Exiles, it is the moſt charming Novel in the modern way I ever read, Cecilia excepted.

MISS STANHOPE.

Well; Miſs Reeve and Miſs Lee need no ſtronger advocate than you.

LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

Indeed, they need not; I would give any thing I poſſeſs to be acquainted with them.

MISS STANHOPE.

" Ha! ha! ha! I ſuppoſe when you become Marchioneſs of Caernarvon, we ſhall have you dancing about like poor Thereſa after the author of Werter.

LADY EUPHEMIA.

Permit me to name a book that I admire. It is Warbeck.

LAVINIA.

So do I like it.

LADY EUPHEMIA.

Next to the Receſs it is the moſt enlivening hiſtorical tale. It poſſeſſes that heart-rending pathetic which cannot fail to pleaſe.

LADY GEORGINA.

Oh, I certainly give Monmouth the preference to Warbeck; but you have not mentioned Mrs. Bennet. What do you think of her productions?

LAVINIA.

They are capital; and her Agnes de Courci enchanting.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NARRATION.

---------- "He peferred me
"Above the maidens of my age and rank;
"Still ſhunn'd their company, and ſtill ſought mine.
"I was not won by gifts; yet ſtill he gave;
"And his gifts, though ſmall, beſpoke his love.
"He pick'd the earlieſt ſtrawberries in the wood;
"The cluſter'd filberds and the purple grapes.
"He taught a prating ſtair to ſpeak my name;
"And when he found a neſt of nightingales,
"Or callow linets, he would ſhew 'em me,
"And let me take 'em out."

DRYDEN.

DAVENPORT Caſtle was ſituated upon an eminence, and commanded a very extenſive proſpect. The pleaſure-grounds were much improved by the preſent lord. One morning, Lavinia and Lady Georgina ſallied forth alone. They

proceeded towards the mountains. — "Shall we aſcend one," ſaid Lady Georgina, "and have the pleaſure of contemplating a beauteous proſpect?" "I have no objection," replied Lavinia; and accordingly they began to aſcend. When they gained the top, they were delighted with the aſtoniſhing ſcene that preſented itſelf. Before them appeared a broad and winding valley, variegated with all the charms of landſcape — fertile meadows, glittering ſtreams, pendant rocks, romantic precipices, and diſtant mountains, that were almoſt concealed by an undiſtinguiſhed azure. They deſcended into the valley, continuing in the path before them, which led to a village. As they walked, they perceived, ſitting beneath a large elm, a beautiful young woman. Her head reclined on her right-hand — in the other ſhe held a handkerchief; and her face was covered with tears. As they approached, ſhe aroſe to depart.

"Stop,"

"Stop," ſaid Lavinia, "and tell me the cauſe of thoſe tears? and, if it be in my power to aſſiſt you, I will with pleaſure."

"I thank you, Madam," ſaid the weeping girl, "for your kindneſs; and will tell you the cauſe of my grief."

"My name is Ella. A lady, who came to reſide in Wales, for the benefit of her health, took lodgings at my father's houſe. My mother was pregnant; and unfortunately died in bringing me into the world. Mrs. Milbrook, the name of the lady who ſtood my god-mother, gave me her own name, and took upon herſelf to bring me up. She took me to town, and beſtowed on me one of the beſt educations. I continued with her until I was ſixteen; when my benefactreſs died ſuddenly. This unfortunate event cauſed me to return to my father, who received me but coolly. My father had brought up a nephew from an infant, who

who was left deſtitute of every other friend.

Charles and I ſoon regarded each other with partiality; and were never happy when apart.

I had brought from town a beautiful lap-dog, which had been a preſent from my dear Mrs. Milbrook. — The little creature, one day, ran away, and I was in the utmoſt grief for his loſs. Charles, without taking any notice, went out, and did not return at dinner time, and my father was exceſſive angry.

"Where can the fellow be gone?" ſaid he. "He has not been at work the whole morning; I ſuppoſe, Miſs, you have ſent him ſomewhere."

"Indeed, I have not," replied I weeping; for I was hurt at the harſhneſs of my father's ſpeaking, and at Charles's abſence.

"Ah! you are for ever blubbering," ſaid my father. "I rue the day that I parted from you, to let you go with that fine

fine lady, who has made you as fantaſtical as herſelf. Come, come," continued he, " after to-day you will leave off that black ſilk gown," for I was ſtill in ſlight mourning for Mrs. Milbrook; " and comb that *brown flour* out of your head; for I will have you a fine lady no longer. Cut your hair, or tuck it up under a linen cap; buy yourſelf a brown gown and a blue apron, which you can do by ſelling all your fine ſilk and muſlin furbelowed things; and then you will look a proper perſon to become farmer Llanelly's wife."

" Farmer Llanelly's wife!" reiterated I. " Oh! that I never will be."

" Aye!" ſaid my father, with a vacant ſtare, as if he did not comprehend me.— " What was that you ſaid?"

" That I can never think of marrying Llanelly," replied I.

" You can't, Miſs—O, we'll ſee about that!"

And

And by this time, having finiſhed his dinner, though I had not touched a morſel, he aroſe and left the houſe.

In a ſhort time after Charles came in. He had my little Juba under his arm, and appeared fatigued to death with the walk. "I have found your little favourite, my beloved couſin," ſaid he, preſenting me the dog, who ſeemed delighted at his return. My heart was too full for utterance—a look of gratitude was all I could expreſs.

Ella! my beloved Ella!" ſaid Charles, "you have been weeping. What was the cauſe of your tears?"

"We are to be parted, Charles," articulated I in a manner ſcarcely audible. "My father has commanded me to look upon Llanelly as my future huſband."

"Llanelly!" reiterated the aſtoniſhed Charles. "And will you, Ella, conſent to wed that booby?"

"What can I do?" replied I.

"*Do!*"

"*Do!*" anſwered Charles. "Oh! that you would be mine, my Ella, and I would die to protect and maintain you!"

What could I do, ladies? I loved him to diſtraction, and conſented. We were privately married in the next village, and it is almoſt two months ſince. My father, impatient to ſee me married to Llanelly, and vext at the delays I have purpoſely made, inſiſts, that to-morrow I become his wife, although I am wedded to my beloved Charles.

The two ladies returned thanks for the confidence ſhe repoſed in them; and begged her to make herſelf eaſy, as they would do the beſt in their power for her before the evening. — Then aſking the name of her father, which ſhe ſaid was Powis, they bid her good morning; and returned home.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLII.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

" What is the world to them;
" Its pomp, its pleaſures, and its nonſenſe all?
" Who in each other claſp whatever's fair,
" High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh."

THOMSON.

WHEN the ladies returned home they informed the family of their morning's walk.

" How unfortunate," exclaimed Lady Euphemia, " that I was not with you! I wiſh Sir Harry was hanged," continued ſhe, " from the bottom of my heart—had it not been for finiſhing this purſe for him I ſhould have gone."

" Where

"Where about is the village, Miſs Spencer?" interrogated Lord Davenport. Lavinia deſcribed to him where it was. "I am exceſſive ſorry," replied he, "but it does not belong to my eſtate—had it, I might have had a little power over him."

"But it belongs to me," ſaid the Marquis; "and I recollect a farmer, named Powis, who, my ſteward tells me, is very mercenary. I will therefore accompany the ladies this afternoon, and ſee what intereſt I have."

In the afternoon the three ladies, attended by the Marquis, prepared to go to farmer Powis's.

"Will you not go with us, Angelina?" ſaid Lady Georgina to her ſiſter. "No, my love," replied Lady Davenport;—"too many may frighten the farmer; but as I very much wiſh to ſee the ſweet Ella, pray give her an invitation to viſit the Caſtle."

Before they ſat out, Lord Arundel took Lavinia aſide.

"My

"My dear girl, ſaid he, "if any money ſhall be wanted to eſtabliſh this young pair, I beg you will not be ſparing. Let your own liberal ſpirit ſhew itſelf, and regard me as your banker."

"My dear, dear, Sir," ſaid the delighted Lavinia, preſſing his hands to her lips; "what kindneſs, what generoſity! How will it ever be"——

"Huſh, huſh, my ſweet girl—remember what I told you; and not a word upon the ſubject more."—

"Will you not take me along with you," ſaid Sir Harry; "for Miſs Powis and I are old acquaintances. I dangled after her a whole ſummer at Ranelagh; but the little thing was ſuch a prude, that ſhe would not have any danglers. So I was diſappointed."

"No, no, Sir Harry," replied Lady Davenport, "I want you to play at picquet with me, while they are gone."—Sir Harry bowed; and the party ſallied forward.

When

When they arrived at the farm, Mr. Powis, Ella, Charles, and farmer Llanelly, were juſt ſet down to tea. They aroſe, to receive their noble gueſts, and invited them to partake of their repaſt. That they would not make themſelves uncomfortable, they conſented; and an addition being made to the equipage, they all ſat down, but not until Mr. Powis had made a thouſand apologies for ſitting down in the preſence of the Marquis.

"Well," ſaid the Marquis, ſmiling, "don't you think it high time to get your daughter well married?"

"Why yes, my Lord, to be zartin, I do; and ſhall too, to-morrow morning; for ſhe is to be married to my friend there —pointing to Llanelly, who bowed to the Marquis. Ella had not an opportunity to inform her huſband of her meeting with the two ladies in the morning; Charles was therefore agitated at the converſation. He aroſe, went to the window,

window, plucked a ſprig of jeſſamine; which covered the window, and was in full bloom. He threw it careleſsly away, and re-ſeated himſelf.

"Pray, Mr. Powis, what fortune do you give your daughter?" interrogated the Marquis.

"I give her an hundred pounds, my Lord," anſwered he; and Llanelly's farm brings him in full that every year; ſo, as Ella has been brought up a fine lady, I think that will maintain them genteely."

"But ſuppoſe I was to recommend you a young man with two hundred a-year, would you prefer him for your ſon in law?"

"Diſtraction, Ella!" exclaimed Charles, ſtarting from his chair, and catching hold of her hand; but in the ſame inſtant he let it drop again, and ſunk in his chair in a deep *reverie*.

"Farmer Powis can't do that, my Lord," ſaid Llanelly; "for he has promiſed me his daughter."

"True,

" True; aye, very true: but then two hundred a year is more than one."

" And I will give your daughter three hundred pounds on the wedding-day," ſaid Lavinia.

" Aye! will you, my Lady? Then take her, and do what you will with her, for ſhe is your's," replied Powis.

" Damnation!" exclaimed Charles, no longer able to contain himſelf, " She is and ſhall be mine."

" Come here, young man," ſaid Lady Georgina, putting her arm through his, in a manner peculiar to herſelf, " and ſhew me your garden, which ſeems very pleaſant." He could ſcarce move—ſhe dragged him along.

" What was that Charles ſaid?" interrogated Powis.

" Oh! nothing," replied the Marquis. Let's to buſineſs—you ſee yonder farm; it will bring in more than two hundred a year. I ſhall make it a preſent to the man whom I wiſh to be your ſon-in-law.

Now, you will have no objection whatever to the perſon, be who it will ?"

" Oh, none, my Lord; none, none, at all."

" But, maſter Powis," ſaid Llanelly, " you do not uſe me well. Did you not ſay I ſhould have your daughter? And I think you ſhould ſtand to your word."

" Aye, but then my Lord's word is more than *my* word," anſwered Powis; " and ſince he ſays you ſhall not have her, why you ſhall not; and ſo there's the long and the ſhort of it."

Llanelly, upon receiving this poſitive anſwer, took up his hat; and, bowing, retired.

" Pray, my Lord," ſaid Powis, " who is the man that is to have my Ella?"

" What do you ſay to your nephew? I think Charles and Ella would make a pretty match. Don't you ?"

" Charles!" reiterated Powis, " why how come Fortune to favour him ſo?

Do

Do you really mean, my Lord, to give Charles that farm?"

"Indeed, I do," replied the Marquis.

"And I give my little friend this"—ſaid Lavinia, taking out her pocket-book, and preſenting Ella with bank-notes to the amount of three hundred pounds.—Ella kiſſed the hand of her benefactreſs; and tears were all that her heart, overflowing with gratitude, could expreſs.—At that inſtant, Charles and Lady Georgina entered—ſhe had acquainted him with the whole.

"Here, boy," ſaid Powis, "take my child, it is a preſent from the Marquis; and you ought to return him thanks."

Charles was already on his knees to the Marquis. He took his hand—his fine eyes ſparkling, while he exclaimed:

"How, my Lord, will it ever be in my power to repay this vaſt obligation?" but permit me to pay you the ſame rent you receive from your other tenants; and

let me intreat of that charming lady to"—

"Huſh, huſh, young man," interrupted the Marquis, "I will hear no more. I have already made you a preſent of the farm; and my ſteward ſhall bring you a free deed for the ſame tomorrow."

The ladies now congratulated the happy pair; and Mr. Powis, whoſe idol was money, ſeemed quite happy with what had paſſed.

"I am very ſorry," ſaid the ſprightly Georgina, "that the wedding is paſt; for I ſhould liked to have been one of the party."

"Paſt, my Lady!" ſaid Powis. "I don't know what you mean?"

"I mean," anſwered Lady Georgina, "that Charles and your daughter has been married theſe two months; and therefore I cannot have a dance at the wedding."

Mr. Powis ſtared; but the Marquis cleared it up, and ſettled the affair in a moment.

moment. Charles and Ella received an invitation to ſhare the next afternoon at the Caſtle; which they accepted. The Marquis and the three ladies took leave, and returned home.

CHAP. XLIII.

A DISCOVERY.

" Hear me, O God of Love,
" Who canſt deſpair controul!
" From fearful Doubt's keen ſmart
" Relieve my troubled ſoul!"

LOVE IN THE EAST.

" I SHALL never be able to bear that Powis," ſaid Lady Euphemia, after they had got a little way from the houſe; " avarice is ſo principal a trait in his character that he would ſacrifice every thing in the world to money."

" I am of your opinion," anſwered Lady Georgina. Lavinia and the Marquis were ſilent.

When they came home they informed the family of the ſucceſs of their viſit.

When

When the Marquis and Lavinia were alone, in the evening, he took out his pocket-book.

" My dear Lavinia, ſaid he, " I muſt beg you will accept what you have laid out this day, as I know three hundred pounds, in a lady's pocket, is not a trifle."

" I thank you, my dear Theodore, for your generoſity," replied our heroine; " but I preſented it by the orders of Lord Arundel, who will return it me again; I therefore do not wiſh to be paid twice."

The next morning, Lord Arundel preſented Lavinia with a bank-note for five hundred pounds; which he begged ſhe would accept.

In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Powis came. She was dreſſed with elegant ſimplicity. Lord and Lady Davenport and Lord Arundel were quite delighted with the young pair.

After tea Lady Davenport propoſed a little concert.

"You will oblige us by playing, Mrs. Powis," ſaid Lady Georgina; "what inſtrument will you have?"

"I am afraid I cannot play, my dear Madam," replied ſhe.

"Come then, and try," ſaid Lady Georgina, leading her to the piano-forte, which ſhe played in a moſt maſterly and elegant manner, whilſt Lavinia touched the harp, Lady Euphemia the guitar, and Lady Georgina the lute. The Marquis the violin, Lord Davenport the baſs, and, by repeated entreaties of the company, Charles played the hautboy, and that in a delightful manner.

About ten o'clock an elegant ſupper was ſerved up; after which the Powis's returned home, in Lord Davenport's carriage. Lady Davenport gave them a general invitation, and all the family promiſed to pay them a viſit, as ſoon as they were ſettled in their farm. When they were gone, Lord Arundel ſaid to Lavinia,

vinia, " Excuſe me, Miſs Spencer, for the liberty I take, but will you oblige me with a ſight of that picture?"

Lavinia was dreſſed in a very elegant ſtyle; and the picture of her mother, which Mrs. Wallinger gave her, when ſhe left the ſchool, ſhe wore that evening, as a *forte montre.* Lavinia took it from her ſide, and preſented it to him.

" My God!" exclaimed he, by what chance did you become poſſeſſed of this picture?"

" It is the portrait of my mother," replied Lavinia.

" Of your mother!" reiterated he, ſtarting up. " Who gave you this portrait?"

" I was left, my Lord, when an infant," replied Lavinia, greatly agitated, " at Mrs Wallinger's boarding-ſchool, in Hampſhire, by my father."

Lavinia was prevented from proceeding by Lord Arundel's claſping her to his boſom; and exclaiming — " It is my child!

child! The daughter of my Belvidera!" Lavinia ſunk lifeleſs on his boſom—ſhe ſoon revived, and received the congratulations of the family, and the embraces of her delighted father.

"To-morrow, my child," ſaid Lord Arundel, "I will acquaint you with the tale of my youth, and the fate of your mother; but now you had beſt retire, to calm the agitation you muſt naturally feel upon this intereſting diſcovery." He then embraced her, as did likewiſe all her friends; after which ſhe retired to her bed-chamber, accompanied by Lady Georgina.

"Egad!" ſaid Sir Harry to Lord Arundel, "I am happy at this diſcovery; for I gained a kiſs by it from your charming daughter; which was a bleſſing I never ſhould have expected."

"My dear Georgina," ſaid our heroine, when ſhe came in her own chamber; "what a bleſſing it is to find a father after being an alien all theſe days!"

Lavinia

Lavinia ſpent the whole of the night in tears of joy, and was firſt in the breakfaſt-parlour the next morning. The Marquis entered it ſoon after.

"How happy I am, my dear Theodore," ſaid ſhe, "that when I give you this hand, I ſhall not be a poor dependent on the bounty of my friend; and that the daughter of Lord Arundel will have a fortune proper for the Marchioneſs of Caernarvon."

"Lavinia," ſaid the Marquis, "I did not imagine you had ſo much pride in your diſpoſition—I loved you as you were; why then ſhould you wiſh for fortune?"

He was here interrupted by the entrance of the family, and Lord Arundel. Lavinia flew to her father; who embraced her with true paternal affection. After breakfaſt the family went to Lady Davenport's dreſſing-room; and, after being ſeated, Lord Arundel thus began:

"I

" I loſt my parents juſt as I was nineteen, and my partial father, thinking me ſufficiently prudent, left me without a guardian, ſole maſter of his large fortune. In order to diſſipate my grief, I reſolved to travel. After viſiting France and Italy, I went to Spain, and reſided in the capital. Walking one evening in the Prado, about three weeks after I had been at Madrid, two ladies veiled paſt me, and I heard one of them exclaim—

" Oh, heaven! that's he!"

I did not appear to hear her, as I did not imagine ſhe meant me; but followed them at a diſtance to their own houſe, which they entered through a garden-gate, having a high wall; for a week I frequented the Prado, and watched the houſe, but ſaw neither of the ladies. At length, one evening, I perceived a lady at one of the windows, watering ſome flowers. — I knew her to be the ſame that had made the exclamation, by her beautiful hair and elegant deportment,

I pulled off my hat to her, and ſhe returned the compliment by kiſſing her hand; and immediately after, as if ſome one had called her, ſhe diſappeared. I very frequently ſaw my incognita (for all the attempts I made to know who ſhe was, were without effect) in this manner at the window, but all my ſigns, and a thouſand other modes, would not induce her to come out of the houſe to me.

At length, one morning my valet informed me, that a young woman wanted to ſpeak to me. I was then at breakfaſt with Mr. Belmour, an eccleſiaſtic, who was a friend of mine, and had done me the honour to accompany me on my travels.

I deſired my ſervant to ſhew her into my dreſſing-room, not liking to receive her before my friend.

"Signor," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as I entered, "I have no apology to offer for the liberty of viſiting you, except this"—preſenting me with a letter.

I could ha e kiſſed my female Mercury, but ſhe would not give me time. The moment that ſhe had preſented me the epiſtle, ſhe left the room. I intreated her to ſtay till I had read it, and offered her a preſent; but ſhe refuſed both.—"The letter needs no anſwer," ſaid ſhe; "and my time is precious; my ſtay is unneceſſary." I rung for my ſervant, to ſhew her down; and then opened the letter—it contained theſe words:

"Modeſty, love, and duty, have long ſtruggled; but being now drove to the extreme of fate, I can heſitate no longer. Meet me in the Prado this evening, between the hours of ſix and ſeven: I ſhall be veiled: but methinks, for all that, you will know

"*Belvidera.*"

"I examined my heart, and found that I loved my fair unknown, with an ardour I was myſelf aſtoniſhed at. The billet therefore delighted me, and I returned to my breakfaſt in the higheſt ſpirits.

"Ho-

"Horatio," ſaid Mr. Belmour, ſmiling, "you have ſome private intrigue; for heaven's ſake remember you are in Spain! Make me therefore your confidante; it may be in my power to aſſiſt you; and you know you may command my ſervice."

"I thank you, Belmour," replied I; "but I dare not ſay a word; but this evening I may be able to tell you all."

I went about ſix o'clock to the Prado, and in half an hour perceived Belvidera come down the walk, attended by Viola, her woman. I flew to meet her, and kiſſed her hand with extacy. We retired to a private walk; where ſhe thus addreſſed me.—

END OF VOL. II.